

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

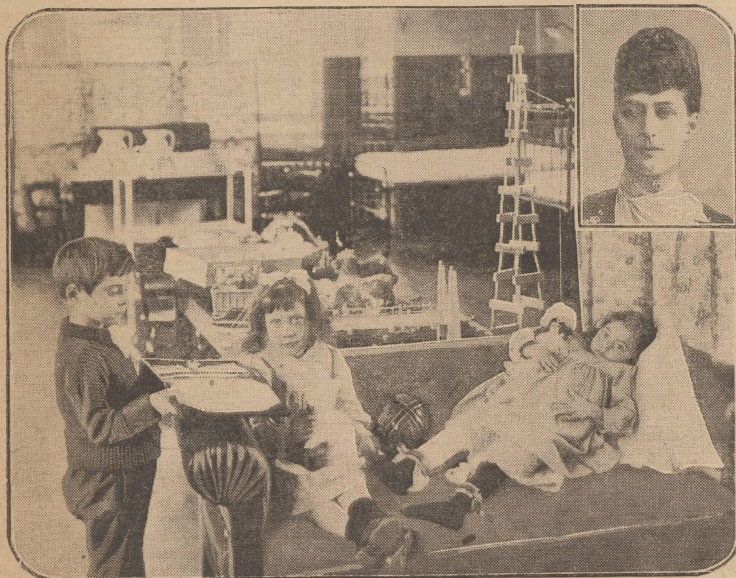
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MONDAY, JULY 31, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S GIFTS TO HOSPITAL CHILDREN.

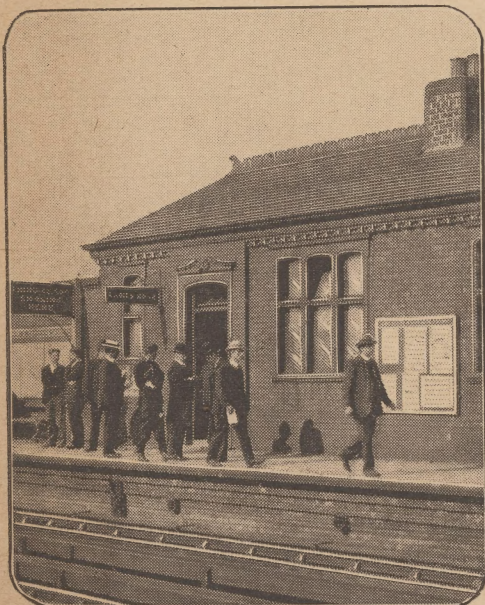


Children at the Victoria Hospital for Children at Chelsea playing with the toys sent to them by the Queen. Her Majesty, whose portrait is inserted in the photograph, was full of pity for the little ones when she visited them the other day, and the gift of toys was the outcome of her thought for them.



Blind boy at the Victoria Hospital with the musical-box specially sent by the Queen, who, in her care for the children, did not forget that he could not see the beautiful toys that so delighted the other little patients.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY SMASH NEAR LIVERPOOL—CORONER COLLECTING EVIDENCE.



Coroner and jury at Hall-road Station before the opening of the inquest, when a letter was read from a signalman admitting his error to be the cause of the accident.



Clearing away the shattered remnants of the wrecked carriages. The force of the collision was so great that even the heavy ironwork of the carriage-framework was bent and twisted, while the wooden portion was reduced to matchwood.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

BALTIC A GERMAN LAKE?

Kaiser's Attempt to Exclude the British Navy.

RUSSIA MAY JOIN IN.

Significant Demonstration by British Warships About To Take Place.

The German Emperor—that stormy petrel among monarchs—whose action in Morocco and the Baltic Sea has kept Europe in a state of nervous tension for weeks past, is now reported to have been trying to arrange a most dramatic and unpleasant surprise for England.

His conference with the Tsar and his proposed visit to Denmark are said to have had for their object the exclusion of the English ships of war from the Baltic Sea.

His plan is said to have involved the exclusion of all but Russian, German and Scandinavian warships from the Baltic, but the scheme would naturally have most effect upon England—the greatest naval power of the world.

It is denied from Berlin that the Kaiser had any such plans, but the reports are generally accepted on the Continent. The unexpected announcement that our Channel Fleet will visit the Baltic is regarded in France as Britain's reply to the German plot—a reply which there is no possibility of misunderstanding.

ANSWER TO KAISER'S PLOT.

British Fleet's Visit to the Baltic Evokes Denials from Germany.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Saturday.—For some time past articles have been appearing in the German papers advocating that the Baltic should be closed to the warships of all nations but Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia.

Such articles have frequently preceded a diplomatic departure which the Emperor desired to make popular, and the similarity in the tone of the articles leaves little doubt that they emanated from one source.

It is rumoured here that the Kaiser's visit to the King of Sweden and the Tsar, and his coming visit to the King of Denmark, had for their object the closing of the Baltic to the fleets of the rest of the world.

Under these circumstances the coming visit of the British Channel Fleet is looked upon as a reply to this scheme. It is believed that the British Government, becoming aware of the Kaiser's plan, has taken this method of showing that it will be strongly opposed.

BRITAIN'S ACTION PLEASES FRANCE.

PARIS, Saturday.—The projected visit of the Channel Fleet to the Baltic is taken here as being a protest against any assumption that that sea can be closed to ships of foreign nations. France is pleased to see England entering as champion of Europe against German pretensions.

BERLIN, Saturday.—The "National Zeitung" repudiates the view that the forthcoming visit of the British Channel Fleet to the Baltic is to be regarded as a naval demonstration. Since the Baltic, as an open sea, is open to all seafaring nations, says the journal, there exists no reason for any protests or anxieties whatever.—Reuter.

ANOTHER ALPINE TRAGEDY.

English Rector and Hymnwriter Falls 650ft. to Death.

While mountaineering on the Avigrat, in the Melch Valley, near Lucerne, the Rev. Walter Greenall Haselhurst, rector of West Felton, Oswestry, Shropshire, falling a distance of 650 feet, has been killed.

His body was found on Saturday morning, the skull being fractured.

The deceased gentleman was known as a hymn writer and a very popular preacher.

AERONAUT ALIGHTS ON MOVING TRAIN

Near Muscatine, Iowa, those in charge of a Rock Island goods train running at twenty miles an hour saw a man alight from the sky on to the train.

He was an aeronaut, and had descended from a balloon with a parachute. The wind had carried him in the same direction as the train, which, says Laffan, was moving at about the same rate—twenty miles an hour.

SCIENCE ON TOUR.

Four Hundred Members of the British Association Sail for the Cape.

LAVISH HOSPITALITY.

Even in the cause of science £20,000 sounds a large sum to spend on the entertainment of 400 people. This, however, is the amount to be expended on the 400 members of the British Association, who embarked for the Cape from Southampton on Saturday.

The expense is to be borne by the South African Colonies, who issued the invitation and who are being visited for the first time by these leading lights of the scientific world.

Six thousand pounds has already been sent to this country. Cape Town will spend £3,000 on the entertainment of the visitors, and Johannesburg another £3,000.

The gathering at Cape Town is expected to be the largest collection of scientists ever seen in South Africa.

HOSPITALITY ALL ROUND.

Most of the party have free passes over the railways—those who have not this privilege will be granted fares at half price.

Considering that the full fare for all journeys would be over £37, the privilege is no small one.

Receptions will be held in Cape Town, Durban, Pietermaritzburg, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Bloemfontein, Kimberley, and Bulawayo, and the battlefields of Colenso, Ladysmith, and Kimberley will be visited. The return journey will be made through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. Eighty days will be occupied on the tour.

Some idea of the vast preparations which have been made may be gathered from the fact that no fewer than 1,000 gentlemen are on the South African Organisation Committee.

ROYAL SYMPATHY.

Their Majesties' Message to Injured Victims of the Liverpool Train Disaster.

I am commanded by the King to acquaint you that he and the Queen have been greatly shocked by the terrible railway accident which has occurred near Liverpool.

Their Majesties would be glad to know how the injured passengers are progressing, and they would ask you to assure them how deeply they feel for them, while to those who have lost near relatives or friends in the sad catastrophe the King and Queen are anxious to offer through you their heartfelt sympathy and condolence.

This was the touching message of sympathy sent by Lord Knollys, on behalf of the King and Queen, to Sir George Armitage, Bart., chairman of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Co. In his reply, Sir George Armitage said that their Majesties' message had been duly conveyed to and appreciated by the patients, who were progressing favourably.

The condition of two, however, was still critical.

NEW CART FOR OLD.

German Crown Prince's Generosity to an Old Peasant Woman.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Friday.—Driving in his automobile from a military practice in Denmark to Marslesburg, the German Crown Prince overtook a peasant woman in a cart.

The horse shied at the automobile, the cart was capsized, and the old woman injured about the head and hands.

Giving her a gold coin, the Prince told her to seek compensation from the German Consul at Aarhus.

On applying the old woman received a new cart and a whip bearing the Prince's monogram.

BATTLESHIP IN COLLISION.

Bound from the Black Sea for Rotterdam with a cargo of wheat, the Cardiff steamer Guidwen was run into off Gibraltar by H.M.S. Prince of Wales. The Guidwen's starboard anchor pierced the battleship's starboard bow. The Guidwen was towed into dock. There was a thick fog at the time.

PRIVACY OF CONVICTS.

Attention is to be called in the House of Commons to-day by Mr. Moss as to the advisability of prohibiting the photographing of convicts at Dartmoor in their convict garb, and selling photographs and picture postcards of them in the shops of the neighbourhood.

CAR IN A QUICKSAND.

Regiment of Volunteers Rescue a Motoring Party on the Seashore.

An extraordinary and thrilling experience befell Mr. Barton, a Carnforth motorist, who was taking some ladies and children out for a ride on Saturday in the neighbourhood of Morecambe.

With the idea of taking a short cut home Mr. Barton turned his car on to the sands which skirt the beautiful bay of Morecambe.

Suddenly the car rushed into a quicksand and began to sink.

The screams of the ladies, who were very much alarmed, attracted the attention of the Bradford Volunteers, who were camping out close by. Forty of the men rushed to the spot, rescued the occupants, and, with the aid of ropes, extricated the car amid great excitement.

CONVICT IN PACKING CASE.

Daring and Extraordinary Attempt at Escape Which Failed.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Friday.—Remarkable ingenuity was shown by convicts who connived at the escape of a fellow-prisoner from the gaol at Suben, near Nassau.

He was packed in a case full of books, and was only discovered by a warder because of the unusual attention the other prisoners seemed to be giving to their work.

When asked how he intended to escape had the packing-case reached its proper destination, the convict, who was under a life sentence, said that a comrade who had fastened him in had promised to scratch out the address on the lid and substitute that of a relative.

JUSTICE NOT BLIND.

Russian Solomon Who Yielded a Bribe to an Unsuccessful Sutor.

BERLIN, Friday.—A story from St. Petersburg throws a curious sidelight on the administration of justice in Russia.

Two merchants, named Apraxin and Bobrikoff, were parties in a lawsuit. Apraxin had the stronger case, and the judge was his bosom friend, nevertheless the judgment went against him. Apraxin's indignation may be imagined when the judge showed him a large sum of money which he had received as a present from his opponent.

The judge, however, turned over the money to Apraxin, explaining that if he, the judge, had refused the present, Bobrikoff would have used it in bribing the Court of Appeal, and Apraxin would have ultimately lost his case; whereas now Apraxin would be able, with his enemy's money, to bribe the Court of Appeal himself.—Laffan.

IMPROMPTU OMELETTE.

Trouble Caused by a Basket of Eggs and a Train's Abrupt Start.

PARIS, Saturday.—M. Bourgeon got into a tramcar on the Clignancourt line and placed with care a basket of eggs on the seat beside him.

At the next stopping-place M. Hébert, clad in spotless white trousers, got in, and was about to take a seat, when the abrupt starting of the tramcar deposited him on the basket of eggs.

"Clumsy man," cried M. Bourgeon, "pay me for my eggs!" "Pay me for my trousers," retorted M. Hébert. "If you had kept them on your knees I should not have made this omelette!"

The discussion ended in blows and a trip to the police-station.

BOUGHT JEWELS AND JEWELLER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Saturday.—As the Shah was leaving the Elysee Palace this morning after his game of billiards, a Greek jeweller advanced with a tray of precious stones.

The Shah merely glanced at them, and then brushed the man aside, saying: "That's all right—I'll buy the lot and you as well!" The stones are worth £1,600. The price of the jeweller is not stated.

KING CARLOS WILL BE GODFATHER

Having been asked by the Prince of Wales to become godfather to his infant son, King Carlos has signified his willingness to do so.

King Carlos thinks the Prince for this mark of esteem.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Fresh westerly to light south-westerly breezes; fair or fine generally, threatening towards evening; warm.

Lighting-up time, 8.47 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth.

FRENCHMAN FAILS TO SWIM CHANNEL.

Miss Kellerman and Burgess Introduced to Each Other in the Water.

LADY CONFIDENT.

Another attempt to swim the Channel yesterday again ended in failure, the swimmer, a Frenchman named Lefargue, having a narrow escape from drowning.

He left Dover, where he has been training for several weeks, in the morning, and after some hours' swimming was carried dangerously close to the Goodwin Sands. The sea was very rough, and Lefargue rapidly drifted eastwards.

The swimmer pluckily remained in the water until the wind rose to half a gale, when he was nearly overcome, and was taken into the tug accompanying him only just in time. The tug itself was nearly swamped by the heavy seas.

MISS KELLERMAN'S REGRET.

Miss Annette Kellerman, the nineteen-year-old Australian girl, who will attempt to swim the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy, went for a long practice swim on Saturday.

There are few pluckier girls than this winsome young lady. "I'm so sorry Mr. Burgess failed," she said sympathetically, "but I'm going to try to succeed anyway."

Miss Kellerman, fully realising the difficulties to be faced in swimming the Channel, has, in her practice, endeavoured to meet them all. She has swum from Dover to Ramsgate in order to have the set of the tides one way. So well did she accomplish this no light task that she created a world's record for the twenty miles.

After this swim she said: "No take me straight out for the cross-currents." It was no attempt to swim the Channel, as has been erroneously stated, but simply a practice in the swift-running water in mid-Channel. And Miss Annette, in spite of adverse conditions, did well.

"I didn't swim so fast," she said, "but the currents didn't bother me much."

A WATER INTRODUCTION.

How good a swimmer Miss Kellerman is may be gathered from a remark made by Burgess, after he had watched her in the water.

The two swimmers were out practising on Thursday when they met in the water. It was probably the most curious introduction that has ever taken place.

A gentleman acquainted with both introduced them. Lady and gentleman stood up, treading water twenty fathoms deep, and shook hands.

"I'm very pleased to meet you," said Mr. Burgess. "I do hope you'll get across," replied Miss Kellerman.

Afterwards the Yorkshireman watched the nineteen-year-old girl swim. He scrutinised each easy movement, and remarked how, without seeming effort, she forged through the water.

He turned to a friend. "She is the most scientific swimmer I have ever seen," he said.

To-day Miss Kellerman commences a most interesting series of practice swims along the coast. Starting from Dover, she will swim to Deal, a distance of nine miles.

To-morrow she will swim to Ramsgate for her practice, and the following day to Margate. For her attempt upon the cross-Channel swim, Miss Kellerman will be guided by wind and weather. She hopes, however, to make her great effort early in August.

INTERVIEW WITH BURGESS.

Speaking of his gallant effort to swim the Channel, Mr. Burgess yesterday told the *Daily Mirror* that, except in his right knee, he felt no ill effects from the swim.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that I can swim across the Channel, and I only came out of the water because I was afraid my leg would become worse and prevent me trying again this summer."

Experts say that the principal cause of Burgess' failure was an almost entire absence of eastward drift with the flood tide. But for this, they say, Burgess might have finished, despite his injured leg.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The wife of Admiral Togo took part in the cordial leave-taking of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Mr. Taft at Tokio.

At Nijni Novgorod, as the result of three days' rioting, eleven persons have been killed and forty-three wounded.

Thuringian newspapers state that the Tsar on July 8 refused the request of the Grand Duke Cyril for sanction to his contracting a marriage with the divorced wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse.

A party of Austrian Imperial Jaeger who were manoeuvring in the Tyrol encountered a number of Italian Alpine Chasseurs. The latter shouted "Abbasio l'Austria!" (down with Austria); and a frontier conflict was only averted by the presence of mind of the officers.

RUSH TO THE COUNTRY.

Crowds of Londoners Flee from the Stifling Town.

ROYALTY AT GOODWOOD.

The holiday season started in earnest on Saturday. All the great railway stations in London were crowded with people flying from the overheated town to the freshness of the country. High and low, rich and poor, old and young, everyone is either going for a holiday or thinking about it now.

The King and Queen will leave town this afternoon, and will be the guests of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood House until Friday, when they proceed to Cowes for the Regatta. There is every prospect of a brilliant Goodwood week, which will form a fitting finale to the London season.

This is the second visit the King and Queen have paid to Goodwood since His Majesty's accession, and additional interest is lent to the present visit by the fact that the beautiful Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, who made her debut last season, will act as hostess to their Majesties.

The youthful and charming hostess, who will have a large house-party to entertain during the race week, is already one of the most popular horse-woman and an accomplished whip.

The Duke of Richmond has made some important alterations in his historic mansion on the Sussex Downs, such as the installation of electric light. The house, which is full of valuable pictures, china, and tapestry, stands in a park of over 1,000 acres.

EXODUS FROM LONDON.

Holiday-Makers Keep the Great Railway Termini in a Continual Ferment.

Not since last year have the great London railway termini seen such a rush of holiday-makers as descended upon them on Saturday.

It was as though a panic had been in. Torrents of eager and enthusiastic holiday-seekers—no mere desultory week-enders now—crowded the stations in thousands.

To every seaside resort in England and Wales, and to many places in Scotland and Ireland, were tickets issued by the chief tourist agents. Thousands of English folk left for the Continent.

The bright and eager faces of thousands of children, flushed with anticipation of a repetition of last year's seaside delights, formed a pleasing contrast to the flushed and anxious appearance of their parents, worrying about the piles of luggage they were taking away for their families.

WEEK-END ACCIDENTS.

Pleasure-Seekers Killed on Mountain, Sea, and Field.

There were a number of fatal holiday accidents this week-end.

Miss McLaren, a young lady tourist out with a party on the mountain at Maam, Co. Galway, hurried ahead of her companions, and falling fifty feet down a precipitous slope was instantaneously killed.

Whilst fishing off Newbiggin (Northumberland) on Saturday, John Anderson and William Armstrong were drowned through the capsizing of their boat. A third man, James Veitch, clung to the boat and was rescued. By a sad coincidence, Armstrong's grandfather and two uncles were drowned at the same spot a few years ago.

A lad of eighteen, named Harry Dier, belonging to Portsmouth, was drowned whilst bathing off Fort Cumberland, Southsea, on Saturday.

Miss Mills, a lady's maid, belonging to Batley, was thrown from her bicycle on Saturday near Romsey, and killed, her neck being dislocated.

Mr. Villiers, of Netherfield, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, hurried down the steps at Burton-on-Trent Station and boarded a Great Northern train for Beverley. Before the train was well out of the station he fell down dead in the carriage.

Struck on the head by a cricket ball whilst playing in a match at Meltham, near Huddersfield, on Saturday, T. Knight, aged fifty-one, a member of the Broad Oak team, was instantaneously killed.

DEATHS THROUGH THE HEAT.

The heat was said to be responsible for many deaths inquired into at various inquests on Saturday. The following is a list of the victims:—

Arthur Teele, aged fifty-three years, of Muswell Hill-road, Hornsey; Elizabeth Rowley, aged twenty-six, of Somers Town; Clara Brooks, aged two months, of Wapping; Jane Erickstein, forty-two, of Betty's-gardens; Annie Finberg, the six-months-old child of a journeyman tailor of Valford-street; and John Large, an ironworker, of Dudley.

"DAZED" TEETOTALERS.

Temperance Worker Condemns Disguised Alcoholic Beverages.

"For fifty years I have been a temperance worker, and I was very glad to see the exposure of the alcoholic 'temperance' drinks published in the *Daily Mirror*."

This remark was made by one of the oldest and best-known temperance advocates in England. He was referring to the article published in the *Daily Mirror* pointing out that many "teetotal" beverages contained a considerable quantity of alcohol. "I have myself," he added, "seen cases where the effect of these beverages has been to make the drinkers quite dazed for the time being, no doubt the result of the alcohol they contained."

"You can take it from me that every earnest temperance worker is only too anxious to discourage the use of these beverages, and I do not think that the sale is anything like what it used to be. . . . I should certainly take strong exception to the statement in your paper that one-third per cent. of non-alcoholic beverages contain an excess of proof spirit."

"My experience is that many of these alcoholic 'temperance' drinks are manufactured by brewers, who are anxious to counteract in some way the marked decline in the demand for intoxicating drinks."

"But I think the proportion these beverages bear to the number of true temperance drinks has been somewhat exaggerated. There are many preparations such as the herb extracts manufactured by Mason's, which are perfectly innocuous. I think it is a good sign that these extracts are increasing in popularity, particularly in the manufacturing and agricultural districts, where many people brew their own 'temperance' beer."

"FLOREAT ETONA!"

Princess Lays Foundation-Stone of Memorial to Etonians Who Died in South Africa.

Princess Alexander of Teck laid the foundation stone of the Memorial Buildings to Etonians who fell in the South African campaign at Eton on Saturday.

In the presence of Earl Roberts, Lord Methuen, General Lyttelton, General Sir Evelyn Wood, and others almost as well known, the stone was lowered into its place and declared "well and truly laid."

Over 1,400 old Etonians took their part in the war, and 128 lost their lives, while 453 earned medals in dispatches. One, Lord Roberts, was rewarded with an Earldom; two won V.C.'s, and 137 gained the D.S.O.

The guard of honour, furnished by the cadets, on Saturday felt the effects of the heat, and three boys fainted, one as he fell narrowly escaping a wound from his own bayonet. As the crowd of boys behind the line pressed forward, too, it looked as though someone must be hurt by the bayonets, the boys having to brush the weapons aside with their hands.

The occasion had a double interest in that Dr. Warre made his last appearance as headmaster.

HIS OLD REGIMENT.

Ex-Sergeant's Affectionate Bequest of £7,000 to the Officers' Mess.

Estate valued at £7,000 has been left by the late Sergeant Good, formerly of the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment, to its officers' mess.

He affectionately describes his old regiment as "His Happy Home," and desires that the money shall be spent on a library and new plate.

He also leaves two houses at Ryde for the use of old officers of the regiment.

PLAGUE OF MOSQUITOES.

Twenty-five Victims a Day Being Treated at Various London Hospitals.

Some of the large London hospitals are now treating as many as twenty-five patients a day for mosquito bites. Most of the patients come from the riverside districts, but the plague is quite general.

Many of the patients, with badly-swollen hands and faces, come to the hospital not knowing that the poisonous mosquito is the cause of the trouble. A cooling lotion usually gives the sufferer relief within a few hours.

At St. Bartholomew's Hospital the surgeon said yesterday that mosquito-bitten patients should not be alarmed by the swellings, as no serious harm could come from the most venomous bite.

But Londoners are likely to be plagued in this fashion until the hot weather is over.

In 1904 no fewer than 139 persons were charged with uttering false coins. The number of pieces of base or counterfeit coin was 2,060, or 1,100 more than in 1903.

FAIR "HUSTLERS."

Sixty-four American Girls "Doing" London in Three Days.

RUSH THROUGH EUROPE.

It is wonderful what a lot you can do in a little time if only you know how to set about it.

A party of sixty-four American girls is "doing" Europe in a month—a round of sightseeing which only an American girl would even contemplate, much less attempt.

The adventurous sixty-four hail from Pittsburgh, and have descended upon London after the first part of their programme, which consisted of a flying visit to Scotland and Mr. Carnegie. They have already given earnest of their capacity for "hustling."

They were allowed six days to see Scotland, but managed it in one day less. "We saw all there was of Scotland in five days," they say.

Yesterday De Keyser's Hotel rang with their accent and the rustle of their silk skirts, and was generally "on the jump" with their impetuosity.

"Hustling" Round London.

Saturday was a busy day. It was all sightseeing. They began with the Tower and went out with the National Gallery, Westminster Abbey, and ended with what they speak of as Parliament House. Yesterday, being Sunday, they rested—or were supposed to—which merely means there was no organised sightseeing, but there is hardly a stogie in St. Paul's Cathedral which they did not criticise.

To-day and to-morrow they will hustle from place to place all day in a string of brakes, but Wednesday has been consecrated to shopping.

"Is it really possible to see London in the time?" was what the *Daily Mirror* asked the fair "hustlers." "You'll know when we've done," was the answer. "We guess we'll try."

At Skibo Castle.

At Skibo Castle they had "a great time." Mr. Carnegie, whom they claim as a fellow townsman, must have had one also.

"You should have seen us go in to lunch. A piper marched at the head, then came Mr. Carnegie with Mrs. Cox, our official chaperone, and the rest of us followed. It was great—all except the haggis."

By the time we have done London, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Brussels, and Paris, not to mention what we have seen already, we shall have had a full four weeks." They certainly will!

The party is the outcome of a competition in an American newspaper, the "Pittsburg Leader," in which readers were asked to vote for the most popular girls in the district. The prize for the winners is this rapid European tour.

BEN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY.

Sickly Little Londoners Strengthened by Sea Air and Cod Liver Oil.

"Oh, Ben is going as our sentry," said the six-foot curate-commandant who was being hurried along the Charing Cross platform to the Hythe train on Saturday morning by an impetuous-looking ternier at the end of an iron chain.

The curate was trying to retain possession of the other end of the chain with one hand, to transport a huge bag with the other, and to keep his eye on the East End whipper-snappers in his charge who were sharing Ben's hurry to entrain, all at the same.

"We have thirty tents," he went on, "and a huge marquee down there on the glads of the redoubt at Dymchurch, which has been lent to the vicar (the Rev. T. Given-Wilson, of St. Mary's, Plaistow) for a camping-ground. Ben fully understands that no outsider has any right of entry, and he will take excellent care that no intruder gets in."

"This bag? Oh, that is my medicine-chest. It is nearly all cod liver oil. I am taking down a number of very delicate boys 'to feed and fatten.' I'm taking them down as 'Plaistow sicklies,' I send them all home as 'Dymchurch strongs.' Come and see them detain on the return journey."

A SPORTING OFFER.

A motor-cyclist charged with excessive speed told the Newcastle magistrates on Saturday that, although he had often tried, he could never get more than the legal twenty miles an hour out of his machine, although the police credited him with twenty-five miles an hour.

He offered to allow anyone to try it, and was let off on payment of costs.

LIP-READING SYSTEM THE BEST.

Exercises in lip-reading by boys of the Anerley Residential School for Deaf Boys on Saturday were watched by Sir William and Lady Collins.

Subsequently Sir William enlarged upon the advantages of the lip-reading system over others. He urged the council to continue their splendid work.

£1,000 FOR A FEW PAGES.

Rare Shakespeare Quartos Eagerly Bought for America.

The five famous Missenden Shakespeare quartos—each originally published for a few pence—were sold on Saturday for £2,850 at Sotheby's, four going to America and the remaining one being acquired by a private buyer. The auctioneer appealed to English dealers to prevent these interesting little volumes leaving the country, but his appeal was in vain.

"The first lot was a fine copy of the 1652 edition of 'The Merchant of Venice,' and was quickly acquired for £200 by Mr. Jackson. The next lot—'King Richard the Second'—also went to Mr. Jackson for £250; and then the finest of the five was offered—'The Historie of Henry the Fourth,' 1608."

A hundred pounds was the opening bid. Mr. Jackson had to bid up to £1,000 before he could gain possession of the rare little volume.

The fourth quarto was the second part of 'King Henry the Fourth,' 1605. There was a struggle to prevent it following the preceding three, but no one would increase Mr. Jackson's bid of £500, so away he took it.

The last of the five—'The History of King Lear' (1608)—was knocked down to a Mr. Stephens for £900.

DARBIES AND JOANS.

Queen Alexandra's Deep Interest in Married People Who Have Survived Ninety.

Queen Alexandra has been gathering particulars of all married couples over ninety who are living together.

Mr. and Mrs. Rainford, of West Kirby, who have just come under her Majesty's notice, are believed hold the record.

Mr. Rainford was born on April 22, 1815, and Mrs. Rainford on December 24, 1814.

They have been married sixty-seven years, and have twenty-eight grandchildren and forty-three great-grandchildren.

On their diamond wedding-day Queen Victoria sent them an autograph letter.

Mr. James Benson, of Tottenham Court-road, today celebrates his golden wedding and also the fiftieth anniversary of his commencement in business at the address he now occupies.

ROYAL BOTANIC'S FUTURE.

Administration of Well-Known Society Described as Perilously Near the Archaic.

"The society is an old one, and the constitution, if not archaic, is perilously near it," said Mr. Coode Adams at a recent meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Botanic Society.

An animated discussion took place on a motion by Mr. J. S. Rubinstein in favour of forming a committee of Fellows to confer with the council as to the best methods of improving the condition of the society.

There was a deficit of £28,000, he said, and unless they found some way out of the difficulty the society would have to come to an end.

The chairman held that the resolution was out of order, but promised to submit its terms to the council.

Mr. Sowerby, the secretary of the Gardens, interviewed as to the proposal to ask Fellows to increase their subscriptions from £2 2s. to £3 3s. per annum, pointed out that the expenses of the society had increased out of proportion to income.

WASTED BILBERRIES.

Britain's Needless Patronage of the Foreign Fruit Grower.

Bilberry Hill, so named for its heavy crops of the popular fruit, is close to Birmingham, yet of the large quantities sold in the Midland capital hardly half a ton is of English growth.

Practically all the bilberries sold in England are imported via Rotterdam from the extensive fruit-growing districts of Holland and North Germany.

English berries are equal to any, yet the British grower, said a dealer to the *Daily Mirror*, "is careless of such a detail as packing with the result that the fruit suffers in transit and finally sells at only half the price of the foreign article."

In the opinion of many wholesale dealers a fine business could be done in the way of systematic bilberry culture.

ORDEAL OF ACUTE ILLNESS.

Advanced disease of the kidneys prompted Matthew Styer, a Fulham dental surgeon, to poison himself.

Dr. Dunn, at Saturday's inquest, said the pain suffered by deceased must have been fearful. Suicide was the verdict.

JUDGE'S SPELLING TEST.

Ex-Councillor Who Signed Himself
"U.N.O." Skillfully Entrapped.

When George Yapp, a retired draper and a former councillor of Malvern Link, met Elizabeth Andrews, of Worcester, she was a widow of thirty-eight, and was supporting herself and her five children as a cook-housekeeper.

Mrs. Andrews told Mr. Justice Darling at the Birmingham Assizes on Saturday that in 1902 Yapp asked her to become his wife. He always signed his letter "U.N.O." She asked him what that meant.

"Oh," he replied, "it means you know I love you."

Two years later she had reason to complain of his coyness, and beseeched him to marry her "before my disgrace is found out."

Among the presents sent by him to the lady was a Church Service, which, said counsel, included the marriage service.

His Lordship: And also includes the burial service.

Yapp, in the witness-box, denied the promise, and some letters alleged to have been written by him were produced in court. He denied he had written them.

"How do you spell 'awful'?" asked his Lordship.

"A-w-f-u-l," was the response.

"So does the person who wrote this letter," was the retort.

Verdict for the widow with £150 damages.

UNSAFE SAFES.

Lord Justices on Boarding-House-Keepers' Liability for Boarders' Property.

A subject of peculiarly seasonable interest—the liability of boarding-house-keepers—occupied the attention of the Court of Appeal on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Scarborough appealed against a verdict of Mr. Justice Darling in a case in which they claimed compensation from the landlord of a boarding-house, 74, Lancaster-gate, from which £220 worth of their jewellery had been stolen while they occupied rooms at the establishment.

Mr. and Mrs. Scarborough held that the landlord was liable because he did not supply a duplicate key to a chest of drawers in the room.

Mr. Duke, K.C., held that there was no such liability resting upon a boarding-house keeper, and, besides, a chest of drawers was not a proper receptacle for the safe keeping of jewellery.

Lord Justice Mathew: If the boarding-house keeper is held liable to supply a receptacle for that purpose he ought to put up a safe in each room.

Lord Justice Romer: A safe would not free him from liability unless it was burglar proof, and I have never come across one yet that is proof against an expert burglar.

The case was adjourned.

"TWELVE YEARS" AT 18.

Heavy Sentence on a Boy Lover for Frenzied Crime of Jealousy.

The unusual spectacle of a lad of eighteen being sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude was witnessed at Birmingham Assizes on Saturday.

"One of the worst cases I have ever tried," remarked Mr. Justice Wills, when he passed this heavy punishment upon Albert Colliver for wounding his sweetheart, Christabella Mabel Clifford.

Colliver, who was of a jealous disposition, was out walking with Miss Clifford in a lonely field when he commenced to threaten her, and she ran away.

He pursued her, threw her down, and plunged a pocket-knife seven times into her body near her heart.

"You will soon be dead now," he remarked, adding that he would kill himself, but had not the pluck. Despite her injuries the girl was only in the hospital for ten days.

MESMERIC BURGLAR.

Woman Rendered Helpless for Two Hours by His Magnetic Eye.

Mesmeric powers, it was alleged, enabled William Graham, who was charged at Sunderland on Saturday with three burglaries, to escape from one of the scenes of his criminal enterprises.

Ann Holliday, a young married woman, told the magistrate that when she saw the accused in her room he struck a light and fixed his eyes so hard upon her that she was unable to raise the alarm for two hours.

Graham was committed for trial.

CAMPING PARTIES SWAMPED.

Parties of both sexes camping out on the Leas beyond New Brighton were suddenly broken up yesterday morning.

Their tents were blown down and torrential rain compelled them to seek shelter, soaked and bedraggled, in cottages and inns at Wallasey and New Brighton.

DEVEREUX SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Dramatic Scenes at the Close of the Great Trunk Tragedy Trial.

Saturday saw the last stage but one in what is surely one of the most dramatic stories of crime that has ever been before an English jury, when, after a trial extending over four days, Arthur Devereux was found guilty and sentenced to death for the murder of his wife and their twin sons.

Terrible and dramatic as has been the case all through, from the awful crime itself to the protracted trial with its many surprises, nothing has surpassed in the intensity of its interest the demeanour of the central figure, Devereux himself.

The three previous days he had seemed to be the coolest man in court. He had slept and dined. He had idly drawn rough pictures on the pad of paper before him.

For hours he had toyed listlessly with the pencil in his hand. As the moment when he should know his fate approached he still maintained his apparent unconcern.

Impassioned Defence.

The day opened with the impassioned pleading of Devereux's counsel, Mr. Elliott. As he proceeded Devereux from the dock cast occasional glances about the court. He glanced at the judge, he glanced at the jury as though to assure himself of how they were impressed by his case.

For a moment at the conclusion of Mr. Elliott's speech Devereux showed signs of the mental strain through which he was going. As his bowed head rested upon his hands, he could be seen to shudder. He stayed like that for some moments.

When he looked up again the scene in court had changed. Mr. Mathews, counsel for the prosecution, was tearing to pieces, shred by shred, the eloquence of his learned friend, and tightening the coils around the accused man.

Devereux, as he cast his glances from judge to jury and from jury to judge, must have noted the change which came over the faces of the twelve good men and true as the certainty of his guilt was brought home to them.

"Has not murder been proved, and proved beyond a shadow of a doubt?" demanded Mr. Mathews, and still Devereux did not wince.

And again: "Have we not in all this the cool, clear working of an intelligent mind?" The accused

was as impassive as at any moment of the four days.

When Mr. Mathews concluded, the Court adjourned for lunch, and on its return half an hour later his Lordship began his summing-up. It lasted an hour and a half.

"I am conscious," he said, as he neared the end, "that most of my observations have been rather favourable to the view that this was a case of murder. I assure you, if this is the case, it is because I cannot find in all the evidence anything to lead me to think otherwise."

No Sign of Fear.

Even then Devereux was calm. Looking up and thrusting one hand into his pocket he threw at the judge a look of reproach, but there was no sign of fear, of remorse, or of any human passion.

Then, shortly before three, the trial drew to its close as the jury filed out to consider its verdict.

Devereux's strength had almost deserted him, and he was assisted to the bottom of the dock stairs by a couple of warders to await the words which must mean life or death for him.

He had not long to wait, though if he had glanced round the court he might have read the verdict, for everyone there had been trying the case as carefully as the chosen twelve.

Hardly a face in court but said "Guilty" as clear as words. In thirty minutes the jury were back and had pronounced their verdict.

"Guilty!" But Devereux never winced. He was cooler as he heard his doom than at perhaps any moment of his trial. Quietly he faced the judge.

"Have you anything to say why judgment of the Court should not be passed upon you?"

"I have nothing further to say more than I have already said."

Clasping his hands together and speaking with the solemnity of doom the judge looked across at the man in the dock and pronounced sentence of death.

Devereux halted, and his eyes started with the look of a pained animal, but otherwise he was still unmoved. Then, with a last look at the Court, a last look out of the window, from which he had gazed so often during the trial, he passed below.

IN THE TOILS—DOOMED MAN'S NARRATIVE.

Below we print a remarkable narrative written by Devereux in Brixton Gaol.

It relates to the dramatic events of his arrest at Coventry, where he was employed as a chemist's assistant by Alderman Bird.

His narrative, a portion of which is reproduced in facsimile on page 6, runs as follows:—

"About a fortnight before my arrest Detective-Inspector Imber came into the shop to make a purchase. I did not know him at this time, but after he had gone out again Mr. Bird told me who he was, commencing by saying: 'That's the man that catches them in the country,' and giving further particulars at my request."

"On the ninth day before my arrest I had written to Mr. Bannister's man, Willoughby, in whose care I left the trunk, saying that I had found a purchaser for its contents—books and chemicals—but as he (the purchaser) would not be requiring the things for some time I should want the trunk warehoused for some time longer; and asking whether I should write to Mr. Bannister about it or continue to leave it in his own personal charge, and settle up with him (Willoughby) when calling for it."

"To this letter I received no reply, but instead Imber called in and asked to see Mr. Bird. I 'smelled a rat' directly."

Hourly Expecting Developments.

"Mr. B. happened to be out, whereupon Imber passed it off, saying that he did not matter, he would call again. I could not do anything for him, thanks all the same. He said he would call that same evening, which he did."

"When Mr. B. returned he asked whether anyone had wanted him. I told him about Imber's visit. He replied: 'Oh, I don't suppose that's anything important,' but added on second thoughts: 'Yes, I don't know what he could have wanted, though, however, I don't suppose he wants any of us, anyhow,' at which I smiled, thinking to myself how little Mr. Bird could imagine what a great surprise was in store for him!"

"This was on a Friday. From this time forwards I was hourly expecting developments."

"On Monday I noticed a suspicious-looking letter, bearing the Kenilworth postmark, addressed to Mr. Bird, and marked 'Private.' This I put down to be a C.I.D. (Criminal Investigation Department) letter, so I stamped it open. It was from a man named 'Jones' (unknown to me), making an appointment with Mr. Bird."

"I stuck the letter down again, intending to place it with the others by the second post, but in the meantime Mr. Bird had been out and had evidently met 'Mr. Jones,' as he told me he had heard that a gentleman had posted him a letter the night before, but he had not seen anything of it yet; and as the second post arrived at this moment in Mr. Bird's presence, I eventually destroyed the letter in question instead of giving it to him as at first intended."

"On Tuesday, during the morning, a letter was delivered to me by special messenger, it being stated that it had been 'mis-sorted.'"

"I said to myself: 'This has been 'mis-sorted' in exactly the same way as I 'mis-sorted' the C.I.D. letter yesterday.' It was from Mr. Taylor, Stanley's schoolmaster, asking me to call and make arrangements for boarding the boy out during the Easter holidays."

"I now know that the C.I.D. were cognisant of Stanley's whereabouts, and so would find out that I had stated myself to be a widower. Things were getting warmer."

"However, I took no notice, but went to Kenilworth as requested, and made the necessary arrangements—on Wednesday this was. I spent the evening at the Coventry Hippodrome, where I must have been observed by all, sitting as I was in the very centre of the arena, all alone, dressed in a conspicuous walking costume, and smoking cigars."

Watching with Fixed Stars.

"I was getting to be fairly well known in Coventry, as I frequently accompanied Alderman Bird in his walks abroad, sometimes being with him even when carrying out his public duties, so I have no doubt my arrest caused considerable surprise to many other people besides Mr. Bird's own household and intimate friends. (I am also well known in various other parts of the country.)"

"On the following evening (Thursday) Mr. Bird returned after having been out a short time, and beckoned me to follow him into the dining-room. This was a thing he had never done before."

"I required nothing further to prepare me for my expected visitors. A few moments afterwards they entered—Chief-constable Clancy and Detective-inspector Imber."

"Of course, I was quite prepared for them, so did not turn a hair of my head nor a shade of my complexion."

SUICIDE BY SUGGESTION.

Girl Drowns Herself a Week Later at the Spot Where a Girl Friend Met Her Death.

"Suicide during a fit of temporary insanity, caused through excessive grief at the death of her fellow-servant," was the verdict of the Sussex jury which inquired on Saturday evening into the death of Gertrude Elizabeth Edwards, who was found drowned in a pond in Cuckfield Park the previous day.

Only a week ago the girl gave evidence in the same room at an inquiry touching the death of her fellow-servant named Locke, who drowned herself in the same spot. Deceased was greatly attached to Locke.

She idolised her, in fact, and after the burial grieved so much that she remarked that the sad incident would be the death of her.

HISSED OUT OF COURT.

Brutal Husband Who Escaped Commitment Only "by the Skin of His Teeth."

Strongly censured by the coroner and loudly hissed by the jury was a Stepney man's experience at an inquest on Saturday.

Frances Tuff, his wife, had died suddenly, and her death was said to have been accelerated by his brutal conduct.

"Why did you ill-treat her?" asked the coroner. "—Oh, I didn't ill-treat her to any great extent."

"Perhaps black eyes and a kick now and then, very little in your idea. You have just escaped by the skin of your teeth."

Tuff, who admitted having repeatedly blacked the woman's eyes, was then ordered out.

He left to the accompaniment of angry cries and hisses, and the verdict was one of Natural causes.

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SUMMER HOLIDAY FLIRTATIONS.

Acquaintanceships Without Introduction Still Eagerly Discussed.

SOCIETY SUMMER GIRLS.

A fresh turn is given to this vastly popular topic this morning by the interesting letter we print from a lady whose name is honoured by all who know the inner history of the Court of Queen Victoria during the middle period of her Majesty's reign.

She suggests that the "summer girl" problem has ramifications wider than have been suggested yet:

THE "LONDON SEASON" GIRL.

I have read with a great deal of interest your correspondence on the "summer girl," which really discusses the question whether it is right and desirable that a young man and a young woman should be on terms of affectionate intimacy when they have no intention of marrying.

This is a question which is constantly raised also in a higher social sphere. Nowadays there is far more freedom of intercourse between young people than there used to be when I was a girl. All through the season a girl will have a young man, as it were, attached to her.

They are seen together riding in the Park, lunching at Prince's or the Carlton, at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, at the races, at dances, everywhere. They make no secret of the fact that they enjoy one another's society. Yet they very often have no idea whatever of getting married.

I know of quite a number of such cases. I have watched them during the season that is just over, and I must say it is a development of which I cannot approve. Sometimes, of course, such "friendships" (or ought we not to call them flirtations?) do end in marriage, but as a rule the man and the girl each marry another.

Then what too often happens is that their "friendship" continues, and I am afraid not infrequently with sad and sometimes disastrous results.

AN OLD LADY.

EVERY MAN AT HEART A TURK!

My personal experience as a wife and mother is that it is the married male flirt that causes most of the misery and disgrace.

These men are generally the most jealous of husbands, and at home would sulk for a week if they saw their wives accept any little attention from another man.

The fact is, one woman is never enough for a man. He longs for more, but can only afford to keep one.

BRENTWOOD.

"EVIL TO HIM WHO EVIL THINKS."

In a great many cases it is impossible to get introductions, and if a man informally introduces himself a lady is not bound to continue the conversation if she does not want to.

Mr. Pearce says that the girls throw off all moral restraint when at the seaside. What must his thoughts then be?

I quite agree with what Mr. Philbrick says.

ALEX. WILLIAMS.

5, Old Sergeants' Inn, Chancery-lane, W.C.

FLIRTING A SIGN OF WEAKNESS.

Flirting chiefly derives its activity from the social or domestic functions of the brain, i.e., a full share of amateness; but little of one of the most important faculties of the mind—concentrativeness.

The former produces the desire for the society of the opposite sex. The latter makes this desire wavering and unstable.

Hence the flirt is constantly flying about like a butterfly, settling here and there wherever it takes a fancy—the essence of weakness.

This is the nature of the flirt, who should be shunned by all who possess "character."

H. J. FARLEY.

HOW GIRLS ARE PERSECUTED.

Two girls came aboard a long-distance river steambot a few Sundays ago just as the gangway was being taken away. They were both nice-looking girls. One was very pretty.

At last they secured two seats at the side of the boat, and I can honestly say they were given no peace from rude glances and stares until they got off.

Had they been ill-behaved, giddy girls the passengers would not have taken so much notice of them, but I never, in all my life, saw two girls conduct themselves in such a becoming and lady-like manner.

That is why I agree with the "Two Girls at the Seaside" in saying that girls are not all to blame.

A PASSENGER.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Earl Russell and seven other motorists were fined £5 each at Guildford on Saturday for exceeding the speed limit.

Two lapwings, after a fierce ten minutes' fight, killed a kestrel which attacked their nest at Sligo.

It is proposed to take a census in London on April 1, 1909, for the purpose of the Equalisation of Rates Act.

Lady Rose Molyneux, sister of the Earl of Sefton, died at Abbeystead, Lancaster, on Saturday, in her thirty-sixth year.

Among the prisoners before Mr. Plowden at Marylebone on Saturday, was John Bull. He was remanded, charged with being a deserter from H.M.S. Topaz at Portland.

After giving evidence in a case at Tiverton (Devon), a fifteen-year-old boy named William Perry was arrested on a charge of burglary. He admitted breaking into a house at Bampton, and was committed for trial.

Directly after the wedding of a Birmingham couple the other day the bride left for London to spend the honeymoon, if it could be so called, with her friends. The bridegroom stayed at home to look after the business, and his wife having now returned to assist in the management the husband proposes to take his half of the honeymoon shortly.

Author of "Billy Bray," and known as the "Grand Old Man of Methodism," the Rev. F. A. Bourne, whose funeral took place at Bideford on Saturday, was borne to the grave by six ex-presidents of the Methodist Conference.

Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence will, as Long Vacation Judge, sit in the Lord Chief Justice's Court every Wednesday, commencing August 16, to September 16, to hear urgent motions and applications.

Found guilty of murdering his wife with a razor and hatchet, at Wakefield, Thomas George Tattersall, thirty-one, plasterer, was sentenced to death at Leeds Assizes on Saturday.

Most of the mourners at the funeral of a deaf and dumb person at Ebchester (Durham) were also deaf and dumb, and the clergyman who conducted the service had to have the assistance of an interpreter.

More than fifty special trains were used to convey colliers from all parts of the county to Durham on Saturday, when the miners' annual demonstration was held and a resolution condemning the coal-tax was passed.

Interesting finds of ancient pottery and prehistoric animals have been made in Pittencefield Glen, Dunfermline. The most curious discovery was a large diamond-shaped tooth with a socket in the pointed end and a short, stumpy root.

DEVEREUX DESCRIBES HIS ARREST.

Facsimile reproduction of part of a statement by Arthur Devereux, who was convicted on Saturday at the Old Bailey of the murder of his wife and twin children, and sentenced to death.

...and I was quite prepared for this, so did not turn a hair or my head nor a shade of my complexion. My chief heart, informed me who he was (I know I mean) saying that he had come to detain me as a person of whom I was not to be trusted. I was then, instantly watching him with a friend, stone to see what effect his communication would have upon me. The result was absolutely nil! I answered him, I smiled slightly, and replied, "Oh, yes." He then moved on, and the room, said he hoped there was nothing in it, to which I replied, "Oh, no. Nothing at all. I can easily show myself of this charge."

Facsimile reproduction of part of a statement by Arthur Devereux, who was convicted on Saturday at the Old Bailey of the murder of his wife and twin children, and sentenced to death.

The state apartments and grounds at Osborn will be open to the public on Monday, August 7, instead of Tuesday, August 8.

On applying at Barry Police Court for a summons against a neighbour for insulting her daughter a woman was asked by the clerk: "How did she insult her?" "With a brick, sir," was the reply.

Birmingham shows the largest increase in motorcycles of any provincial town during the year ending June 30 last, no fewer than 352 being registered in that period, making a total of 870 motor-cyclists.

To commemorate the services of the 650 rank and file of the Northants Militia who served in South Africa, Colonel Stopford Sackville, M.P., unveiled a memorial in Northampton Town Hall on Saturday.

Intimation having been received from the Home Secretary that he cannot advise his Majesty to interfere with the sentence of death passed on Benali, the Algerian, convicted of the murder of a competitor at Tenterden, the execution will take place to-morrow at Maidstone.

Asked by a number of their members to call upon the Postmaster-General to withdraw his charge of blackmailing and bloodsucking, the executive council of the Postmen's Federation at Chester on Saturday decided that such language must recoil upon his lordship, and that such a vulgar attack was beneath their notice.

As the outcome of a meeting of Rye Conservatives held on Saturday the Hon. T. A. Brassey has, says a Hastings telegram, resigned his candidature for the Rye Division.

Ivory for billiard balls is in such increased demand that at Messrs. Hale and Son's salerooms, in London, the record price of £167 per cwt. has just been paid for ball ivory.

At Linton Colliery, Northumberland, a remarkable accident occurred on Saturday. The cage in some way got out of the guide and fell from the top to the bottom of the shaft, doing much damage. Four hundred workmen had to be moved to another pit before they could be drawn to the surface.

General satisfaction will be expressed at the decision to erect the memorial equestrian statue to the late Duke of Cambridge in Whitehall, opposite the Horse Guards and the new War Office. The site for the memorial statue to the late Mr. Gladstone will be the western end of St. Clement Dane's Church.

Described as the personification of incorrigible laziness a young male inmate of Oulton Workhouse was reported to the guardians for refusing his task, whereupon a member suggested that they might try the German plan of putting the man in a tank in which there was a pump so arranged that if he failed to keep the water down by pumping he must drown.

STOCK MARKETS ALL "GOOD."

Wirepullers Keep Busy with American Ralls.

BERLIN STILL BUYS.

CAPEL COURT, Saturday Afternoon. — Stock markets have been wonderfully cheerful, and even active for a Saturday, and especially a Saturday that is in the holiday season. The change for the better in politics has done much to help, and the easy money conditions are a strong point in favour of the markets. The gilt-edged group continues to make progress, and so long as these conditions continue favourable, and the new gilt-edged stocks offered are snapped up by buyers, there is certainly nothing to prevent improvement. Consols have gone to 90½, and all leading stocks like Water Stock, Transvaal, and others naturally sympathise. It is easy work-writing market summaries in these times, for the position may be summed up in the word "good."

Even Home Ralls continue to shake off their apathy and weakness. Not many improvements, perhaps, but still the Scottish stocks and Brighton "A" have been quite buoyant, and there is improvement in Lancashire and Yorkshires, the accident having lost its influence.

The Foreign bourses are naturally watched closely to see if anything in the way of buying continues, Berlin does not disappoint the market in this respect. The buying that has been noticeable from that centre during the last day or two continues, and the market is very confident about peace in consequence.

CANADIAN CROP PROSPECT.

The wirepullers keep exceedingly busy with American Ralls. It will not do to let the market go back very far if the public are to be attracted after the holidays. That is why the game is kept up, and there is all this talk about the enormous amount of money available for loans for Wall Street purposes. Whether the public are caught in the nets spread for them is quite another matter. Still, American Ralls for the present are in no way an exception to the general firmness of the markets.

Greater confidence still is shown in Canadian Ralls, the crop prospects being considered remarkably good. Perhaps there was not so much excitement to-day in Foreign Ralls; they have certainly had their full measure of it in recent weeks, and some repose might be welcomed. Still, Manila 55 per Cent. Debentures have been shot up £4 to 122. There has been buying of Uruguay Ralls, and Mexican Ralls are strongly favoured. Apart from these features, perhaps the Foreign Railway section must be described as irregular. For instance, the Argentine Railway group was not quite so firm, and Antofagasta and some other recent favourites fell back a little.

MORE CONFIDENCE IN KAFFIRS.

Hudson's Bays are being bought again, and some of them say that the buying is partially American. The London and India Docks amalgamation terms seem to be approved, and Dock Deferred stock rose to 63. The various Millwall issues are being adjusted to the new conditions, and are dull.

The full particulars were given in the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday. The general idea is that the London and India has rather the best of the deal.

There was a sharp recovery in Anglo-American Telegraphs, perhaps because the American market was good. Gas Light stocks seemed to get over the effect of the recent unsatisfactory report.

More confidence was shown in Kaffirs. There was some bidding for Modderfontein and various Rhodesian shares, including the Copper group. Indeed, all round, the mining sections looked firmer. Associated were 3 1/8 bid in the Westralian group. And West Africans were decidedly more animated and firmer, for the developments on the Pretoria Block "A" are held to give favourable expectations to general developments at depth, on that quartz range at least.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INVESTMENT (Liceo): Grand Trunk, Pacific Fours, or Canada Atlantic Fours would suit your purpose as regards good security and interest—INVESTMENT (H. H. F.): What local shares do you mean?—CHILI TELEPHONES (G. C.): They are just as dividend; prospects considered decidedly hopeful for that class.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JULY 31, 1905.

IS DEVEREUX MAD?

THERE are many nowadays who say that all criminals are "mad." They are for treating them as if they were not responsible for their actions; for merely restraining and not punishing them.

This is clearly an over-statement of the case. All criminals are certainly not mad, in the accepted sense of the word. The clerk who steals in order to pay gambling debts, hoping to be able to repay without his employer's knowledge, may be slightly unbalanced, but he is far from being incapable of judging between right and wrong.

Devereux, who was sentenced to death on Saturday for one of the most horrifying and revolting murders of our time, seems to stand upon the border-line between sanity and madness.

He killed his young wife and his little children for no reason save that he thought he would get work more easily if they were removed. His motive was thus the motive of a madman, but his operations were marked by perfect sanity.

That he has a vain, shallow mind is clear from the extracts from his prison diary, which the *Daily Mirror* is able to publish this morning. Yet he expresses himself coherently, and shows no sign of being unable to grasp cause and effect, which is what madmen cannot do.

To a mental expert Devereux is mad—that is, he is abnormal. But, taking a wider view, he is quite sane enough to be hanged, and it is just as well that all such as he should be hanged. It helps to keep others sane.

M. D.

"WHAT IS THE GOOD?"

People who are "always wanting to know, you know" (like the inventor who troubled the Government Office repose of Dickens's young Barnacle) are asking just now: "What is the good of trying to swim the Channel? What object have Miss Kellerman and Mr. Burgess and all the others who emulate Captain Webb's great feat? It will not prove anything, or confer any benefit on mankind if they do it. Why do they do it?"

It is quite true that there is no advantage to the community likely to result from a successful Channel swim. Even if it were shown to be an easy feat, there is no probability that the cross-Channel steamers receipts would show any large decrease. People would still prefer the dry crossing.

Nor is there any other definite object to be gained by swimming the twenty-one miles which divide England from France.

Nowadays it is difficult to find feats of physical exertion or endurance which have any utilitarian end. There is so little need for them. Leander swam across the Hellespont to visit his sweetheart, Hero. If modern conveniences of transit had existed in the ancient world he would have taken the ferry. Everything is done for us. Any exercise we do take must be artificial, "unnecessary" exercise, unless we go quite outside the range of civilised life.

It must be granted, therefore, that there is nothing to be either proved or gained by swimming the Channel, and yet we all take a keen interest in the attempts. Pluck and determination have always been popular qualities with us Britons. We can admire also such cleverness as Miss Kellerman is bringing to bear upon her self-appointed task. According to Mr. Burgess, she is the "brainiest" swimmer he has ever known.

Being a girl, too, she has a special claim upon our sympathies. Her success, if it comes, would not do any particular "good," but it would prove her a very exceptional young woman, and would be acclaimed with enthusiasm, even by the people who inquire in irritable tones what she is doing for it!

E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

We hang little thieves, and take off our hats to great ones.—*German Proverb.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

GOODWOOD is the event of the week, socially speaking, and if the weather be fine a great attendance is expected in the Duke of Richmond's beautiful park and racecourse. The King and Queen and other specially invited guests are to leave Victoria Station about three o'clock this afternoon, and their Majesties will be met at Chichester Station by the Duke. In all probability royal carriages will be sent down for the conveyance of their Majesties to the racecourse each day, as was the case last year, though it is quite likely that, as the King and Queen are the guests of the Duke of Richmond they may use his carriages. The rest of the guests will be conveyed in big wagnettes, the drive from Goodwood House through the Birdless Grove being very pretty.

* * *

A great many parties have been arranged all round the Goodwood district. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are bringing guests from Arundel Castle, and Lord Leonfeld will do the same at Petworth. Then Lady de Trafford and Mrs. Hall Walker have joined forces and taken a house, and Mrs. W. K. d'Arcy will be with Major and Mrs. Cumming. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon will be at Brighton for the week, and their

and was a Miss Julie Stonor, a sister of the late Lord Camoys. Her mother, the late Mrs. Stonor, was a dear friend and lady-in-waiting to Queen Alexandra, and when she died the Queen may almost be said to have adopted her daughter.

* * *

The Duchess of Fife became perhaps the greatest friend of Miss Stonor, and they were often to be seen shopping together in Bond-street. But before the King and Queen came to the throne they used also to see a great deal of her, and she is one of the few subjects ever asked to stay for several weeks on end at Marlborough House. She used also to go to Sandringham very often. A common fondness for angling still brings the Duchess of Fife and the Marquise d'Hautpoul together a great deal. This is almost the only sport which the Marquise really cultivates.

* * *

A good story is told of Mr. Whitelaw Reid in the days when he edited the *New York Tribune*. He had a private secretary, whose habit was each morning to go to a saloon on Broadway and have a "rum hot." In order to take away the disagreeable perfume the secretary invariably asked the

Lady Cecile Kenna died of typhoid fever on her honeymoon.

* * *

Colonel Kenna won his V.C., as most people will remember, in the famous Lancer charge at Omdurman, but other proofs of his courage besides that one officially recognised could easily be given. He was strolling by the river Liffey near Dublin once, watching some soldiers going on board a ship. One of them fell overboard, fully accounted, and would certainly have been drowned had not Colonel Kenna, without a second's hesitation, jumped in and rescued him. Indeed, he seems to have an indifference to danger and to death, which is an admirable quality in a soldier. During the Boer war he made a bet that he would reach the headquarters at Colepoole to the gun position, nine miles off and a steep hill to climb on foot at the end of the ride, within an hour.

* * *

The rider started off with a crowd to watch him. To their horror and astonishment they perceived that, instead of taking the safe nine-mile road, he had cut across a plain in full view of the Boers, and was making for the back of the hill. Every man held his breath. By some strange chance the Boers never fired, and in a little time Colonel Kenna returned, vastly disappointed that they had not done so, having won his bet and broken the monotony of a long pause in the fighting by this reckless exploit.

* * *

The mention of Lord Abingdon reminds me that he has two daughters still living, one of whom is married to Lord Edmund Talbot, the other to Commandant Reyniens, who is A.D.C. to the King of the Belgians. Lord Abingdon's younger son is being educated in Austria, and there has acquired, I was once told such old-world manners that he was once seen to kiss his father's hand when he arrived home for the holidays. How very different from the ordinary English boy! I heard of one the other day who was being taken by his affectionate father to school. "Look here, father," said the boy, "are you going to kiss me on the platform. Because if you intend to do so I wish you'd get it over now in the cab." And the father had to bow to his son's judgment as to what was "good form" by saying good-bye in private.

* * *

Next Saturday will see the marriage of Mr. Sidney Ernald Lane and Mrs. Philip Green, who has only been left a widow a few months. Mr. Lane is a half-brother of Lord Downe, whilst Mrs. Green is the daughter of the late Sir Edward Scott and Lady Farquhar. Her late husband, Captain Philip Green, it may be remembered, was married to the widow of the late Lord Camden, and she was a daughter of the sixth Duke of Marlborough.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Israel Zangwill.

THIS in his eyes must be a glorious moment, for he, the pioneer of Zionism—that strange vision by which his race seem to have replaced their older hopes of a millenium—is at present directing the debates of thousands of his fellow-enthusiasts in the great Zionist Congress at Bale.

In England we had forgotten that he was an enthusiast. Certain of his pronouncements about our modern art, our literature, our "progress," and our democracy, together with the disabused attitude he takes up in regard to his own struggles for fame, had convinced us that he was something of a cynic; that his was the voice of the preacher exclaiming vanity vanities rather than that of the prophet calling the chosen people to their inheritance.

We were very much mistaken. That he is an undoubted enthusiast is shown by the fact that he believes that everyone is coming round to his point of view; that the world is almost ready to accept Judaism in place of what remains of Christianity; and that, by the year 2,000 A.D. the Jews will be restored to Palestine, and will have made it, once again, something like the garden of the world.

His dreams, in a word, are optimistic: he looks forward cheerfully. But for the real world around him he has little commiseration. He has seen what it is to be poor in it, to struggle as a pitifully paid teacher for the right to live in it, to deluge magazines and newspapers with manuscripts, to work ceaselessly with the world against him.

It is evident that the vision which he is trying to bring down to earth at Bale must have sustained him during his many years of waiting for a chance to speak with a voice of authority on his behalf.

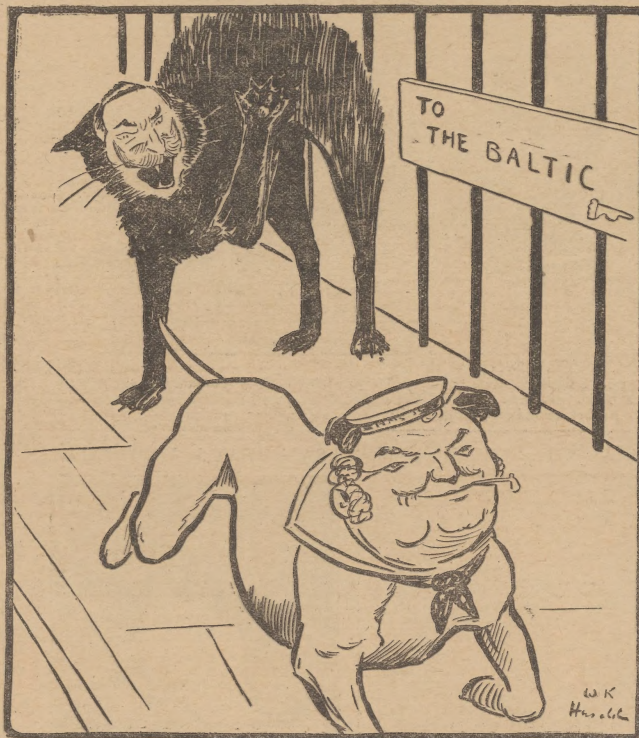
IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 30.—If our ancestors could wander through the gardens of to-day, how astonished they would be. Not only would countless unknown families of plants meet them, but numberless new varieties of the flowers they once were familiar with.

This last development is, perhaps, the most wonderful. The hybridist has been the magician of the garden. Beautiful new forms of sweet peas, carnations, dahlias, etc., are produced every year. Here one day we shall have bright yellow sweet peas, blue carnations, hardy dahlias, and our descendants will (as we do to-day) wonder what filled the great green gardens of yesterday.

E. F. T.

UNNECESSARY EXCITEMENT.



Everyone has seen cats arch their backs and spit and hiss at inoffensive dogs which had no thought of attacking or even taking any notice of them. That is the attitude of Germany just now with regard to the proposed cruise of a British naval squadron in the Baltic.

guests will include Lord and Lady Lurgan. Baron and Baroness Eckhardstein will be present on two days at least of the meeting, and with them will come Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, the well-known Americans, who leave at the end of the week for America.

* * *

The whole of society at Goodwood, as well as the King and Queen, are in a sense guests of the Duke of Richmond, for it was he who improved the seating arrangements and all else connected with the comfort of lookers-on, and spent, in doing so, as much as £210,000. The Duke's youngest daughter, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, who is still under twenty, takes a great interest in the yearly meeting. She is a very pretty girl, absolutely devoted to outdoor sports. Most of her life has been spent near Goodwood, for, before her father succeeded to his title two years ago, she used to live with him at Molecomb, the delightful little house which he owns near the more formal and stately Goodwood House itself.

* * *

The King and Queen have been kept carefully informed of the progress of the Marquise d'Hautpoul, who is still weak after the serious operation he underwent last Friday. The Marquise d'Hautpoul, who is an old friend of their Majesties, is constantly with her husband. She married in 1891,

"bar-tender" for some cloves. One morning, however, he found that the saloon had "run out" of cloves, and the bar-tender offered a slice of onion instead. This the secretary accepted, and, having eaten it, hurried across to the "Tribune" office.

* * *

Mr. Reid soon arrived, and began dictating his letters. Suddenly he jumped up and began pacing the floor. "Really, Mr. H—, you must resign. I regret it, as you have always done your work satisfactorily." "Then, sir, if my work has been—and is—satisfactory, why do you ask me to resign?" "Well, Mr. H—, I'll tell you. For three years I have dictated my letters in the smell of rum and cloves, and it was bad—very bad. But I must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at rum and onions!"

* * *

Aldershot is to have an excellent cavalry brigade major in the person of Colonel Kenna, V.C., who has just been chosen in the place of Major Lawson. Colonel Kenna's career has been filled with really heroic exploits, but his life was saddened some ten years ago by a great loss. He married Lady Cecile Bertie, a daughter of the Earl of Abingdon, and it looked as though they had many happy years before them. Within a few weeks, however, the bridegroom had become a widower.



NEWS BY CAMERAS



BRITISH SCIENTISTS' VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA.



Members of the British Association on board the ss. Saxon, which is conveying them to Cape Town, where the annual meeting will be held on August 15. The photograph was taken on Saturday as Colonel Bance, Mayor of Southampton (standing on the right) was bidding farewell to Professor G. H. Darwin, president of the Association. Among the other members of the party will be noticed Sir William Crookes, seated on the left of the white canvas cover.

NEW QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL AT NOTTINGHAM.



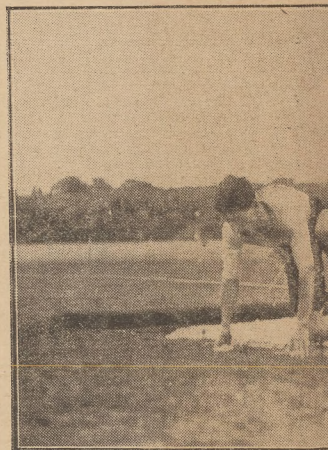
Duchess of Portland unveiling the new statue of Queen Victoria, erected in the market place at Nottingham. In the photograph the Duchess may be seen looking up at the statue, from which the covering has just fallen away.

SATURDAY'S WEDDING.



Lady Blanche Conyngham, sister of the present Marquis Conyngham, married on Saturday to Captain Edward Seymour, M.V.O., Grenadier Guards, cousin of the Marquis of Hertford. —(Lafayette.)

ATHLETICS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.



Snapshot taken during the fourth lap of the ships meeting held at Stamford Bridge on Saturday.



W. H. Dunnett, who was the only entrant in the high jump meeting at Stamford Bridge. He cleared 5 feet 6 inches.



Start for the members' 880 yards handball on Saturday. The winner was F. B. Thomas, who beat E. S. Ward, who won the consolation.

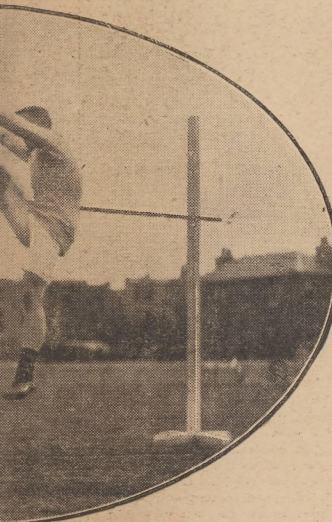
PICTURES OF EVENTS



BRIDGE ON SATURDAY.



steeplechase at the public schools champion-
S. Ward, who eventually won the race, is lead-
graph.



h jump at the public schools championships
exhibition jump, and afterwards won both the
is hurdle-race.



on Athletic Club meeting at Stamford Bridge
ill-known walker, but he had to do all he knew
e long start of fifty-five yards.

PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK AT ETON ON SATURDAY.



Princess Alexander of Teck laying the foundation-stone of the new hall to be erected as a memorial of the many Etonians who fell in the South African war. Princess Alexander's appearance on the occasion was singularly fitting, as she is a sister of one of the two Princes of the Blood Royal who have been educated at the famous school.

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.



Miss Violet Lambton, niece of the
Earl of Durham, who is engaged to be
married to Viscount Brackley, eldest
son of the Earl of Ellesmere.—
(Lafayette.)

FOUNDATION-STONE LAYING AT BRADFORD.



Alderman W. E. B. Priestley, Mayor of Bradford, laying the foundation-stone of
the Town Hall extension. When completed the extension will practically double
the size of the building. A bottle containing newspapers, local literature, and coins
was placed in a cavity under the foundation-stone.

SCENT THAT BRINGS BACK THE LONG AGO.

Sweet Lavender Again in Season in
London Streets.

WHERE IT IS GROWN.

"Who'll buy my lavender? Twelve stalks a penny." They are calling it outside Charing Cross Station, and everyone stops, and almost everyone winces as the old home-scent suddenly flashes up all the long ago years of "when we were children."

"Who'll buy?" Who can help buying? There come two seasons in the year when the flower-girls have it all their own way. Once in the early spring they come out with golden loads of radiantly happy-looking daffodils. You have to buy them. You can't help it, for the very joy of seeing something so glad-looking.

It has been winter, and whichever way one has glanced for dreary weeks one has lighted on somebody miserable, or something sad, or some sight of suffering. Then the flower-girl shows those gay, laughing daffodils, and you—you buy just as many bunches as you have money for. Even the "lunch money" goes for them.

After that they proffer you all kinds of gorgeous flowers—wired roses, short-stemmed, tired-looking carnations, and occasionally more or less spotted camellias. They never move you in the least. If by rare chance you buy one it is for the sake of the flower-girl, not of the flower.

MEMORIES OF YOUTH.

Then—it comes again. Suddenly, something carries you back through the years—the days of the nursery-cot come back. What mystic influence brings it? Why does it all "wave over one" again like that? It is—yes, that is it, that scent in the air—that same sweet scent that made Saturday night such a delight with the fragrance the clean sheets and pillow-cases had brought out of the linen-cupboard.

Just as long as nurse remained, each "coter" snuggled into his own pillow, sniffing up its sweetness with great satisfaction. But the moment she was gone there was a general family coach in which each "coter" travelled round to the other three, sniffing again and making comparative notes as to relative sweetness, and making many exchanges and barterings before the "final settlement" took place.

This was rarely effected until the youngest "coter" had been induced to rend the air with a great wail, that somehow always reached the drawing-room, of "Mumme, I've come all untucked," a more advanced diplomacy adding, "Mumme, you luvd up comfy-er nor nurse does"—flattery is never wasted on one's parents.

How silly to remember it all suddenly in the street. How absurd to suddenly see it all over again in this prosaic, matter-of-fact world. What is it she says? Ah, yes—that lavender! It is all laid up in that. "Twelve stalks a penny." As many twelves as there are pence to pay for them, please?

THE GOLDEN AGE AGAIN.

So we buy them. We can't help it. It is the scent of home and long ago—the far-away time when life was young and hadn't a care worse than as to whether the mud-pies would be sufficiently sun-baked by the dolls' dinner-hour. There is no scent in all the world like lavender for bringing it all back—the games, and the voices, and the memories of the dream-time "when we were children."

Yes, but lavender is not all yesterday. It is purely to-day. You know nothing of the real lavender-loveliness if you only know it from the few single stalks the flower-girl proffers you. Go down where the lavender crop is now in its richest beauty, and where the lavender harvest will soon be in full swing. Spend your Saturday half-holiday wandering about Mitcham, Carshalton, and Wallingford—the little five-mile radius that encloses the best lavender soil of all England.

Stand there under the great wall of Carshalton Park, among those towering elms, finely-grown walnuts, and graceful deer the great Queen Bess walked as guest of Lord Burleigh. Stand there with the lavender fields lying in their lovely colouring up and down the undulating Surrey hills. Watch the young lavender like a sheet of silver, and then the deep-toned purple of the "four-year-old" field away yonder. Watch the shadow sweep-

ing down the hillside, giving it the grey-violet hue of a funeral pall. Then a blaze of sunshine chases away the shadows, and the colour is as though a countless host of fairies were sweeping the fields with wind-driven gossamer scarves of softest pink and faintest blue.

Watch it as the glow fades away through a thousand graduated tints, and then saunter home by the winding banks of the lovely Wand, with its water-lilies, and along the old coach road with its magnificent beeches, and then you will have had a holiday of great delight, and you will have learned to love lavender for ever and for ever.

MARION ELLISTON.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

CAN WASPS BE GOT RID OF?

Appropos of your article on the "Plague of Flies," permit me to say that London is not "in it" for an insect plague compared with the fruit-growing localities of the S., S.E., and S.W. districts of England.

Your harmless, necessary fly is a gentleman compared with the arch-robbers and yellow and black demon wasp. You know little or nothing of him in London, but come down into Surrey, Kent, or South Devon, and you will hold your tongue about flies.

Can nothing be done to rid the fruit-grower of this orchard fiend, from whose attacks both man and beast alike suffer.

Surely if some organised raid were made against the wasps' nest, they would, in course of time, become, if not quite extinct, at all events diminished in numbers. I enclose my card. STUNGER.

ALCOHOL IN GINGER BEER.

With reference to your article under the heading of "Teetotal Frauds" in to-day's issue we notice a slight mistake.

You state it would be much more accurate to say that nearly all the ginger and herb beers contain 8 per cent. of spirit. This is not correct; it should be 4 per cent. and herb beers. These frequently contain an excess of spirit.

We think that all the principal manufacturers take care to keep the percentage of spirit in the ginger beer within the excise limits.

IDRIS AND CO., LTD. (E. K. Bishop,
Camden Town, July 29. Director).

"HOW TO GET OFFICERS."

Your suggestion that Army officers should be captured young is excellent. But you must first catch the parental hare which, now, from the experience of War Office beggars, is becoming too wary to expose its leveret to their tender mercies.

In other words, no sane person can be expected to educate his son at considerable expense, to furnish him with a costly outfit, and to supplement for years his scanty pay, when, on the recommendation of a tyrannical commanding officer—evidently regarded by the War Office as impeccable—the young officer may at any moment be cast out of the service, ruined, and degraded, without any redress or appeal.

(Rev.) JOHN KINGSTON.

Southall, W.

WHO WILL HELP?

Now that the schools are closed our children of the slums will be compelled to spend nearly five weeks in the close, stifling atmosphere of courts and alleys.

Our band of voluntary workers (Southwark Feeding the Hungry Fund) are willing to take these little ones for a day in the country each week. This, however, cannot be done unless the necessary funds are forthcoming for fares and food.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the hon. treasurer, JOHN WM. WESTON.

19, Southwark Bridge-road, London, S.E.

THE CLERK ON TRAMP.

The idea of a City clerk tramping the country in search of agricultural work is as absurd as an agricultural labourer tramping the streets of London or any other city in search of a clerkship.

The man who has no other qualifications for outdoor employment than that obtained from a perusal of some weekly country paper must expect to be passed on one side as unfit for the work. That there is work to be had in the country for suitable persons is as true to-day as it ever was.

WALSALL. INTERESTED.

THE POLICE AND OPEN WINDOWS.

This morning at 12.15 a.m. my servants were awakened—indeed the whole house was awakened—by a furious ringing at the bell.

It was a policeman, and his object in arousing us all was to say that one of the dining-room windows was open.

Why on earth should one not allow the air to circulate freely through one's house on a hot night without being rung up at dead of night to be told what one knew perfectly well already?

Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

FRESH AIR.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

MICROSCOPES AND ACCESSORIES. Edited by Paul N. Hasluck. A concise account of microscopes, reprinted from "more than twenty thousand columns" of "The Journal" called "Work." Shows how they may be made cheaply by impoverished scientists.—Gassell, 1s.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE PRESS. By the editors of "The Photographer." The object of this useful little book is "to show photographers how to make money." It is a list of the great success stories to those ambitious of getting their work published. Dabarna and Ward, 1s.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the champion of a lifetime. His one false step is the removal from Devenish's table of some banknotes, which he fingers out of curiosity, and has not time to replace before Eve Daintree enters the room.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt. He has been entrusted with the notes by Chester, and promises to return them for him. But he mysteriously disappears, and is discovered at last, suffering from complete loss of memory, by some workmen. He has now been heard of in Liverpool.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding. In love with Chester, and beloved by Mordaunt, who entraps her in a house where she supposes a party is to take place. In the course of a scene with him she falls and cuts herself.

DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish. Has Chester in his power, owing to the fact that he has replaced the money which through the former's fault is missing from Devenish's room.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heiress to his wealth. Considered as a possible wife for Chester.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter. Has offered to lend Queenie money.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued.)

Mr. Dexter washed his hands with invisible soap and water and smiled, with his lips; yet there was a curve about them suggesting a bitter taste in his mouth. Having poured out champagne he held aloft his glass.

The situation was scarcely to Chester's liking. He was sub-conscious of its irony. In accepting the man's toast he felt almost guilty of treachery to Eve.

Now, as Mr. Dexter lightly touched his glass with his own, he was uncomfortably conscious of the fact that the man pledging him was the man whom Eve expected him to unmask sooner or later.

"To you and to your future wife," said Dexter. Again he sipped his wine.

"To the young olive branches—if I may be allowed to anticipate. Happy is the man," he smiled indulgently, "whose quiver is full of them."

But remarks of this kind are seldom in good taste, and always liable to cause embarrassment. Chester ignored the remark, and put down his glass.

He preferred Dexter's businesslike manner to his present would-be amiable bearing. The man was never quite a gentleman, and his speech savoured far too much of copy-book headings.

"Good-night, Mr. Dexter," said Chester, somewhat abruptly.

It was a fine night, and Chester preferred the top of an omnibus to the interior of a hansom cab. He was in a retrospective mood, inclined to look back rather than forward, when he alighted in the Strand, just as theatre and music-hall were disgorging humanity into the night, and he was temporarily held up by a crowd streaming across the pavement. The overhead lights played on the jostling men and women.

Suddenly he nipped his teeth together tightly, scarcely able to believe his eyes.

It was the glint of the light on fair hair that first attracted his attention; then he had recognised Queenie. She was wearing a dainty evening cloak, a gossamer wrap of some kind only partially veiling her gleaming hair. She was holding Hesper Mordaunt's arm, the latter endeavouring to force his way through the crowd to a hansom cab.

"Good heavens!" thought Chester. "Queenie—Hesper Mordaunt! What an earth has come over her? Doesn't she realise the fellow's reputation? What can possibly have induced her to—"

But the train of thought was snapped. Mordaunt was a good man in a crowd. He had assisted Queenie into a cab, and followed her in a moment later.

Chester clenched up his hands and his face went white. The man's reputation was notorious.

The cab was lost in the wilderness of vehicles crowding the Strand.

Chester drew in a sharp breath. But for the evidence of his own eyes he could not have believed what he had witnessed possible. He must see Queenie and ask her for an explanation. It was his business to do so. Since her brother's disappearance Chester had adopted a brotherly attitude towards her. He had regarded this as a sacred duty. He could never repay his debt to her, and his tender affection for her was as strong now as it had ever been. There was room for it beside his impassioned love for Eve. Yet now he experienced a feeling of intense remorse.

Of late he had seen but little of Queenie and had perhaps lost touch with her. Yet, under the circumstances, it could have scarcely been otherwise.

When he reached his room he was still wrestling with the problem. It seemed scarcely probable that Mordaunt could have changed his gross skin and suddenly become an acceptable personage to Queenie, yet some such thing must have happened. It was impossible to credit Queenie with accepting attentions and slight favours from anyone whom she disliked. It would have been absolutely contradictory to her whole nature.

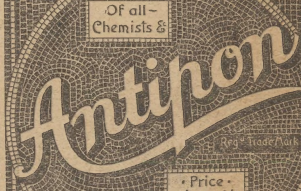
"But the fellow's not to be trusted," whispered Chester fiercely. "Queenie won't take it unless it

(Continued on page 11.)

ONCE AND FOR ALL

rid yourself of the distressing and depressing burden of corpulence by the only proved reliable means—the simplest, easiest, and pleasantest means—that is, the Antipon treatment, which never fails, even in the severest cases of obesity. Antipon succeeds where all other methods and remedies have been tried in vain; it cures permanently; it cures without discomfort or inconvenience; it cures without undue expense. It is within the reach of moderate purses, and entails no long and tedious course of treatment. Briefly, it is the ideal home treatment, reducing to normal weight very rapidly, destroying the tendency to grow fat, and strengthening and revitalising the whole system. It increases appetite, improves digestion, and requires the subject to eat well—that is the only condition to be fulfilled. There are no irksome dietary restrictions. In itself Antipon is a pleasant liquid tonic of harmless vegetable ingredients, refreshing and stimulating. Within a day and a night of first dose there is a decrease varying from 8oz. to 3lb., this being always followed by a steady daily reduction until the attainment of standard weight, elegant proportions, improved muscular development, and sounder health. The doses may then cease, the cure being complete. Antipon can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Antipon Co., 13, Buckingham-st., Strand, London, W.C.

Of all—
Chemists &



Price—
2/6 & 4/6

**PERMANENTLY
CURES
CORPULENCE**

Antipon is an absolutely perfect remedy for obesity, permanently curing the most obstinate cases. As a medicine it attains the highest standards; it is reliable, efficient, pure, harmless, agreeable to the palate, and easy to take. Last, but not least, it is comparatively inexpensive.

Antipon is not only the most powerful fat absorbent ever discovered, radically eliminating all superabundant and diseased fatty deposits, and effectually destroying the distressing tendency to develop excessive adipose, but it is permanently beneficial to health.

Antipon promotes appetite, assists digestion and assimilation, and tones up the entire system. It requires no help from a limited dietary nor from drugging, exhausting exercises, &c. On the contrary, the blood is enriched by wholesome nourishment, and kept pure by the perfected digestive process.

Antipon reduces weight to normal, and restores beauty of form in the shortest possible time; and on the required reduction being attained the treatment may be discontinued.

Antipon, a liquid tonic, contains nothing of a mineral or otherwise objectionable nature, and is approved by the most competent authorities as the most rational, effective, and truly beneficial cure for obesity known to science.

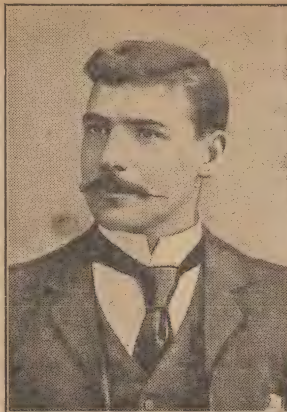
Sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. Antipon can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc. Should any difficulty arise, it may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-st., Strand, London W.C.

BUZZARD BLUEJACKETS OFF TO SEA.



Naval Volunteers from H.M.S. Buzzard, stationed in the Thames at Blackfriars, leaving Waterloo on their way to Portsmouth, where they will be divided among the ships of the Reserve Division for a period of training with the regular bluejackets.

ANOTHER SWIMMER.



Mr. Horace Mew, who proposes to attempt the cross-Channel swim. He has just done a thirteen mile swim from Portsmouth to Ryde in six hours.

RACING AT THE WINDSOR MEETING ON SATURDAY.



There was some first-class racing at Windsor on Saturday, and a good attendance. The photograph reproduced is an excellent snapshot of the start for one of the principal races of the day.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

I speak to her on the subject. She won't misunderstand me. She knows me too well. I must try to catch her alone before I leave for Liverpool."

Business connected with a branch office of the Blue Star Line was taking Chester to Liverpool on the morrow.

He ceased pacing the room, and came to a standstill before a portrait on the mantelpiece—Eve's.

Snatching it up he kissed it.

There was but a fortnight now between him—and the 9th of October.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Queenie was in the act of donning her hat, preparatory to going to business, when Banks announced Mr. Chester. She bent her head forward and was wrestling with a refractory hatpin when Chester entered.

"One minute," she cried.

When she turned she was smiling and looked her natural self. Polly Peyton had already taken her departure. They were alone. It was Chester who appeared embarrassed as he apologised for his early call.

"I say, Queenie," he said, "you mustn't be offended with me, but I—I happened to be in the Strand last night, and I saw you with Hesper Mordaunt. Please don't misunderstand me. I'm speaking to you as I would to a sister, little girl. A man knows men so much better than women. And sometimes one shudders when one sees a decent, pure-minded girl associating in all innocence with some man who isn't fit to breathe the same atmosphere as herself. I don't think I should have anything to do with Hesper Mordaunt if I were you, Queenie. You're not angry with me for speaking to you in this fashion? You know me too well. I simply couldn't bear the thought of your name being mentioned in the same breath with Hesper Mordaunt's. Such a thing to me would be a species of blasphemy."

The girl's lips quivered. He had spoken in the old, quiet, tender tones. She tried to say something; but the words remained unspoken on her

lips. Turning away quickly, she made a pretence of searching for her gloves.

When she faced him again her features were set, and almost defiant in their expression, an expression that was the refuge of a desperate heart.

"You're angry with me; you misunderstand me," said Chester, quickly. "Please don't think that I come here to dictate to you, or anything of that kind. Lately, I have not seen so much of you; but it doesn't follow, because of that, that my feelings towards you have changed. I respect and reverence you. I am jealous of you; jealous for your reputation."

It was the brotherly attitude; yet had Eve been present she would, perhaps, have scarcely approved.

"But you are unjust to Mr. Mordaunt," said Queenie coldly.

"Unjust to Mordaunt?" echoed Chester, looking at her curiously.

"Yes. I have quite changed my opinion of him. Lately he has been showing me quite another side of his character—the better side."

"And I don't see that in accepting from him such ordinary attentions as any man is entitled to offer a woman that I am compromising myself in any way. Is there anything very outrageous in going to a theatre with a man, and being driven home by him afterwards in a hansom cab?"

"It depends on the man," was Chester's quiet reply.

"Not on the woman?"

"You misunderstand me. You can't for one moment think that I am calling your conduct into question. I am only trying to point out to you that this man is unworthy in every way to be associated with you. The very idea that you should misunderstand me causes me pain—real pain."

He took her hands.

"I don't think you quite realise how much you are to me, little girl. You may have forgotten; but that moment when you came between me and the most cowardly act a man can commit has left a memory that must remain with me to the last day of my life. I can't bear the thought of any misunderstanding ever arising between us."

She could endure the strong grip of his hands no longer. She broke away from him.

"What has that to do with my present conduct?"

she cried harshly, scarcely knowing what she was saying. "I suppose I may choose my friends? I judge people not by their reputations but as they behave to me. That is my standard of judgment. What does it matter to me what people say about me? My life's my own to do with as I like. I have no ties—"

"Don't talk like that," cried Chester hoarsely; "you don't know what you're saying, little girl. Once a woman begins to talk in that fashion—"

He broke off abruptly. His vocabulary had failed him. It was not an occasion for plain speaking. But he was filled with a vague horror. There had been a desperation, approaching callousness in the girl's utterances that frightened him.

"Why do you speak like this?" he questioned. "You have changed; you are different. You have ties; you have friends. You spoke just now as if you were utterly and desperately alone in the world. You frighten me!"

Queenie laughed—a little shrilly.

"Good gracious, Frank!" she cried. "I hadn't the slightest intention of doing that. I quite appreciate your motives and your brotherly advice. It is characteristic of you; but I shall remain friends with Mr. Mordaunt. It is you who misunderstand the situation, not I. But I must be getting. It's ever so late. Am I to have the pleasure of your company as far as The Fernery?"

She had gained the top of the stairs before he could check her. Here she turned, shook her head, and laughed.

"Why, you are developing into a regular 'Mrs. Grundy.'"

But it was not real; there was a strained artificiality about her manner that pained rather than jarred on Chester.

"I won't discuss the subject any further," she said, when the street was reached. "Tell me, how is Mrs. Daintree? She visited The Fernery only yesterday, and spent quite a long time there. She was simply sweet. You are a very, very lucky person, Frank."

"Yes," he answered, but a trifle absentmindedly. Even reference to Eve did not chase away the thoughts that were worrying him. What had changed Queenie? Had he not known her as well as he did he would have said that she had deteriorated.

(Continued on page 13.)

Why Haven't You Tried Bishop's Varalettes For Your Uric Acid Trouble?

What is it that hinders some people who evidently need Bishop's Varalettes from giving them a trial and proving their marvellous value? Probably the principal reason for this is the idea that they are a quick preparation, and previous experience may have taught how little reliance can be placed on the inflated claims made for largely advertised nostrums. Anyone deterred by this consideration should remember that Bishop's Varalettes are not a quick preparation, or even a patent medicine, but an absolutely genuine remedy prepared by a leading firm of manufacturing chemists, whose name is known all over the civilised world, whose preparations are patronised by royalty, and who have received four Highest Awards at International Exhibitions.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

Many years ago the discovery was made that gout, rheumatism, acidity, gravel, stone, gouty eczema, sciatica, lumbago, and other uric acid troubles were peculiarly amenable to treatment by Bishop's Varalettes. Why this should be so is very easy of explanation. All the various maladies mentioned are due to excess of uric acid in the system, and as Bishop's Varalettes dissolve uric acid the secret of their remedial powers will be readily understood. Bishop's Varalettes combine easy administration with portability, exactness of dose, and truly remarkable efficacy.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Theoretically, then, Bishop's Varalettes should prove strikingly successful in all uric acid troubles. Theory, in this case, at any rate, is justified by practical results, as doctors, officers, clergymen, professional men, society ladies, sportsmen, writers, and men and women in every rank and class of life have testified to the benefit they have received from the use of Bishop's Varalettes.

WHAT WE ARE TOLD.

Their testimony deals with two points. First, as to the relief they have gained; and, secondly, as to the protective power of Bishop's Varalettes in warding off subsequent attacks. When one writer after another voluntarily writes and states that after suffering for many years from gout, rheumatism, acidity, gravel, or some other uric acid trouble, they have gained the relief by the use of Bishop's Varalettes, and by occasional use have prevented further attacks, the moral is very clear.

AN OBJECTION OBLVIATED.

Bishop's Varalettes obviate the objection that so many people have to taking medicine. You obtain the remedial benefit of medicine without having to get a prescription made up and then measuring out a dose of some evil-tasting mixture. When you have dropped one of Bishop's Varalettes into the water, whisky-and-water, or aerated water you are taking, which you do three times a day, preferably with meals, and it has completely dissolved, you will notice no difference in the flavour of your beverage, nor even recognise the fact that you are taking medicine except by the alleviation of your symptoms. It is no wonder, therefore, that people who have the greatest possible repugnance to taking medicine are enthusiastic in their praise of Bishop's Varalettes, and always keep a supply handy.

BISHOP'S VARALETTES ARE SUCCESSFUL.

If you still have any hesitation to using Bishop's Varalettes owing to scepticism as to the accuracy of the statements made, there are two facts worth remembering. The first is that the personal expenditure of a few shillings and the use of Bishop's Varalettes for a few weeks will certainly convince you of the validity of the claims made. The second point is that there is so great a consensus of opinion in favour of Bishop's Varalettes as to constitute strong and even overwhelming evidence in their favour. Mrs. M. Read, 19a, Smallbrook-street, Birmingham, writes us, stating that "in the early part of last autumn I had a severe attack of sciatica and rheumatism." She was advised to use Bishop's Varalettes, and stated that "the effect had been most gratifying, as I have not had a return of rheumatism, this being the first winter for five years that I have been free from it." This is but a sample opinion, and many others have been quoted in previous articles in these columns.

BISHOP'S VARALETTES ARE A PLEASANT REMEDY.

One reason that has contributed to make Bishop's Varalettes so marvellously popular with the public is the fact that the treatment is so pleasant. There is no need for having a prescription made up or taking strong-tasting medicines, as all that you have to do is to carry a vial of Bishop's Varalettes in your pocket, and three times during the day you slip one of them into the water, whisky-and-water, aerated water, or other drink you are taking. Bishop's Varalettes (Registered) are supplied by all Chemists' Stores in vials at 1s. and 2s., or you can obtain twenty-five days' treatment for 5s. If your chemist is out of stock you can send to Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelman-street, Mile End New Town, London, who will send you a supply for 1s. 1d., 2s. 1d., or 5s. 2d. post free. An emphatic warning is given against imitations of Bishop's Varalettes, which can only disappoint the user. Ask for Bishop's Varalettes, and see that you are supplied with what you ask for.

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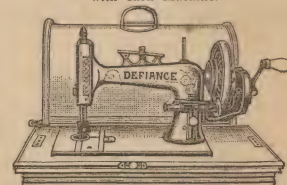
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"DAILY MAIL."

TOILETTES FOR GOODWOOD RACES, WHICH BEGIN TO-MORROW.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

RACING COATS MADE OF SILK AND LINEN.

The smart coat on the left is a silk one, and the particular silk that is used is Shantung, which is very light in weight and a most remarkably smart choice for Goodwood and Cowes. It dyes very beautiful shades of Sèvres blue, russet, golden brown, and even the new bronze green that is so freshly novel and desirable.

Blue is the chosen colour of the coat shown, and it is worn over a creamy white muslin dress, made very simply but with much fulness. A large pink rose is tucked into the coat, and the hat is a Sèvres blue one with pink, cream, and blue roses in it.

What is remarkable about the dress also depicted on this page is the satin corselet with its envelope fold and its bordering of delicate silk embroidery. The gown is of lavender blue mousseline de soie, and the corselet is a very pale straw-coloured one with all manner of colours in the embroidery. An old lace scarf is carried about the shoulders and the hat is a mauve one with straw-coloured satin ribbon round it.

Charm of Velvet.

A touch of velvet is one of the conspicuous notes in the latest summer confections, and there is no denying its charm in connection with diaphanous fabrics. Velvet of a deep beetroot red with light pink shades of the same colour, deep amethyst upon a delicate tint of the same colour, dark glowing copper brown upon the warm cream tint are some of the combinations of two shades of one colour most often seen, and the emerald and moss-greens, tangerine and coq de roche, and strawberry and cerise shades in velvet are chosen to relieve many white robes.

A daring and smart use of black velvet was one of the striking features of a particularly lovely gown of a soft sulphur yellow tone. Save for the velvet straps on the gracefully draped bodice, the short puffed sleeves, and the lace guimpe, the gown was all of one shade, and was heavily and boldly embroidered in chenille upon the tunic. Upon all the banana, apricot, and sulphur and canary yellows, black velvet is especially effective. Rose velvet is liked upon the pale yellows of the maize or straw tints, for this colour combination is one of the fashionable Louis XVI. fancies.

Modest Shoulder Puffs.

There are the silk coats and muslin skirts that are so fashionable to be mentioned next. A very pretty model seen lately was carried out in blossom muslin and taffetas, the latter a lovely apricot shade, and the muslin a combination of apricot and white.

What a surprise the sleeve has been this season. Signs pointed to extremes in breadth, and shoulder and fulness of puff above the elbow, and many of the early summer gowns were planned with confidence in this edict. But instead of expanding the puffs have gradually collapsed, and the most approved sleeve of this year's Goodwood is a very moderate affair, ending at the elbow, draped closely to the arm above, and with only a modest puff quite near the shoulder. Some of the smartest frocks have no puffs at all, the elbow sleeves, though slightly draped, defining the lines of the arm all the way to the shoulder.

NOVELTIES IN HATPINS.

LIZARDS AND DOVES AND COLOURED PEARLS.

Oriental-looking novelty designs in hatpins are exceedingly popular this season, and are made in so many different ways, at such a small cost, that well-dressed women have a set of comparatively plain gun-metal ones for morning wear and several others of a more ornamental description for the afternoon.

Some of the tops are fashioned like Egyptian fans, made of waving plumes. Others are oblong and have

peculiar Eastern-looking animals on the tops. A serpent's head made of dull silver is another odd pattern in this year. In the serpent's mouth, which is wide open, a round burnt-orange crystal ball is held.

Large and small loops and rings of gilded metal in twos and threes are used as frames for imitation precious stones. A beetle in gilded metal with the rounded rings partially raised has a big mouth in which it is carrying a round jewel that is larger than its body. On either side of the head are two

small red eyes made to look like small rubies. Two owls' heads set on a heart-shaped piece of dull metal are decorated, or, rather, outlined, with rhinestones.

Coloured pearl hatpins are very popular, and are made in such a variety of shades that they can be purchased to match almost any gown or hat. One pretty model has a pearl top about an inch long, is round at the top, and slightly compressed at the four sides where it is joined to the pin. Another pink pearl top is set in the centre of a bunch of lily of the valley leaves made in silver.

A deep green agate-like stone, set in a light filigree work basket of gilded white metal, looks like the top of an old Roman pillar, with tiny festoons of gilded wreaths of flowers. Another agate-like stone is covered with miniature flies and beetles in gilded metal.

Heart-shaped imitations of different beautiful stones, with their myriads of colours set in dull silver baskets or wreaths of gilded metal, are exceedingly attractive. Some smart-looking pins that are fascinating when worn in black hats are made in the shape of small lizards outlined with sparkling rhinestones, or miniature doves with outspread wings, the rhinestones set all over the wings head, and body.



A smart high-waisted race coat, made of blue Shantung silk, and worn with a cream mousseline gown, is shown above.



The very smart Goodwood gown on the right is made of lavender blue muslin, with a cincture of straw-coloured satin edged with embroidery.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

rated; but he could not, and would not, permit himself to believe this.

He would have liked to have returned to the original subject under discussion, but the street did not lend itself to private conversation, and Queenie was talking lightly and almost without cessation on every-day matters, of her business, of its improved prospects, and of another brief holiday which she meditated taking shortly. Yet all the while he felt that she was only talking with the object of preventing any return to the matter discussed in her rooms.

When The Fernery was reached she held out her hand quickly.

"Goodbye, I'm ever so busy this morning."

"One minute. I'm going out of town for three or four days, Queenie, on rather a big matter of business; but there is more than I want to say to you. Will you give me an opportunity when I come back?"

She shook her head, with a little laugh.

"Not if you are going to lecture me."

"Queenie, this is serious."

"No, it isn't. You are labouring under a misunderstanding. If you come to see me as your old self I shall be pleased to see you. If you come as Mrs. Grundy I shall refuse to see you. Good-bye again. But where are you going to?"

"Liverpool."

Queenie echoed the word. Her eyes, that were sparkling unattractively as with sudden fear. It was at Liverpool, on the landing-stage, that Jack Orde had seen her brother.

"On business?" she questioned. "Business of the Blue Star Line?"

"Yes; but—"

She gave him no opportunity to complete his sentence. With a quick, friendly nod she hurried into the shop, across it, and into the little office. And Chester went his way, worried, unsatisfied, and anxious.

It was not exactly deterioration; but the girl had changed. She was shuffling, trying to conceal something from him.

He was still troubled when he reached Devenish House.

Queenie remained in the inner office for some little time, her hands clenched up, her body rocking to and fro.

"Why did he come to see me?" she whispered fiercely. "Why? He only makes it the harder for me. Why doesn't he keep away? He doesn't mean to be cruel, I know; but he is cruel!"

She dashed the scalding tears from her eyes.

And he was going to Liverpool. But after all he was not likely to meet Tom. Tom had been seen on the landing-stage, and must have shaken the dust of Liverpool from his shoes weeks and weeks ago.

She swung round sharply as someone knocked on the glazed door with a stick. When she entered the shop Hesper Mordaunt was standing on the other side of the counter.

"Sorry to hurry you," he said; "but I am pressed for time, and there's no button-hole for me. Don't say you've forgotten me."

She greeted him with a friendly nod, twisted up a posy in next to no time, and deftly placed it in Hesper Mordaunt's coat.

(To be continued.)

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CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

Meredith Wins the Dibble Shield
Outright—School Champions
at Stamford Bridge.

J. S. Benyon, the world's amateur kilometre champion (on whom the Continental authorities profess to have passed a term of suspension for his refusal to ride against a professional) had had luck in the N.C.U. quarter-mile amateur championship at Aston Gurney, Birmingham, on Saturday. After winning his heat he turned out in the final, and was leading, when his tyre collapsed and he fell, bringing down C. B. Barker, of Camerham. Ernest Payne (Worcester) and H. D. Buck (Aberley) were second. Time, 32.35sec.

Payne afterwards won the mile amateur championship, thanks to a grand sport, which enabled him to beat H. Crowther, of Leeds, on the post. Benyon was third. Time, 2min. 33.35sec.

The one-mile amateur tandem championship was won by the brothers A. E. and F. S. Wills (Putney and Polytechnic respectively) in 2min. 13.45sec. G. F. Sumner and V. B. Casey (Paddington and Putney respectively) were second.

MEREDITH WINS DIBBLE SHIELD.

At the Crystal Palace the famous "Dibble" shield, which has been in competition since 1886, ended its historic career, and has now become the absolute property of Leon Meredith, the world's long-distance amateur champion. He secured his third successive victory in the race, which many well-known riders in the past have failed to achieve, and at the completion of the six hours had ridden 149 miles, 14.600.

The second man, J. Draper, Jun., rode well throughout, and made a brave effort to overtake Meredith. At the conclusion of the race he was only about 31 miles behind the winner, his total being 140 miles 78yds. H. A. Ratcliff was third with a score of 136 miles 125yds. Meredith had a pacific temper, and some very smart tandemists, and he was well looked after by his special "commisariat." His sustenance throughout the ride consisted of alternate supplies of tea, marmalade, and bananas. These were handed to him by non-competing riders, who drew level with him, and only once did Meredith dismount, owing to his knees having become sore. After finishing in his usual fresh condition, he dismounted as though he had just finished a training spin, and carried his machine like a pet animal with him into the dressing-room.

SCHOOLBOYS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

The first public schools challenge cup competitions held on the new Stamford Bridge grounds were those which took place under the London Athletic Club's auspices, on Saturday. They were productive of some very fine performances.

G. H. Weller, of University College School, won the 10yds. in 10.35sec., thus equalling the performance of those previous winners, L. J. Cornish, of Merchant Taylors, in 1888; S. C. Talbot, of Cheltenham, in 1889; F. G. Brooks, of Bedford Grammar School, in 1892; and W. Brass, of Eton, in 1894.

Another University College School representative in T. F. Muncy won the quarter-mile in 56.25sec. S. P. L. Lloyd, of the South-Eastern College, Ramsgate, who won the half-mile by ten yards from J. B. Richardson (University College School) in 2min. 6sec., and the mile in 5min. 12.5sec., is a good athlete, who could have done far better time in the mile had he been pressed.

H. G. Yates, of Battersea Grammar School, won the three-quarter mile in 17.35sec.

The hero of the afternoon from the public schools' competitive point of view was W. H. Dunnet, of Ipswich Grammar School. He cleared 4ft. 1in. (unassisted) in the high jump, won the long jump with the "record leap" for that event, of 20ft. 10in., and secured the 120yds. hurdles challenge cup in 17.35sec.

The other events on the programme consisted of a 10yds. open handicap (won by C. D. Rees, of the Blackheath Harriers), a 100yds. start in 10.15sec., a half-mile members' handicap (won by the ex-record holder at fifty miles, F. B. Thompson, 59yds. start, in 2min. 1.55sec.), a two-mile members' handicap (won by E. S. Ward in 12min. 45.55sec.), a 300yds. handicap (won in 31.45sec. by W. E. Tibbs, Woodford Lacrosse Club, with 24yds. start, from C. H. Jones, who, however, did not compete), and a mile relay race, in which the London Stock Exchange (represented by J. A. Miller, W. T. Bryan, C. B. March, W. N. Whybrow, E. Jones, E. Payne, W. T. Folke, and E. H. Platt) easily beat Lloyd's team (composed of L. J. de B. Reed, F. Featherstone-hugh, G. T. Shearman, W. E. Williams, M. P. S. White, M. H. Merkle, F. Benton, and E. Ratcliffe) in 5min. 28.45sec. Archdeacon Sinclair distributed the prizes.

RECORD BROKEN AT GLASGOW.

A splendid performance was accomplished by R. S. Spowach (West of Scotland Harriers) and holder of the hurdles championship (of England) in the course of the international contest for the Clonell cup (again won by the South London Harriers) at Brixton Park, Glasgow, on Saturday.

Spowach won the 120yds. hurdles race in the fresh Scottish record time of 15.45sec. Several other holders of English championships competed in various events. Lieutenant Halswell (Edinburgh) won the quarter-mile in 3.55sec. and ran a dead-heat for first place with the holder of the half-mile English championship, E. J. Blunden (West of Scotland Harriers) in the half-mile.

T. R. Nicholson (West of Scotland H.) put the shot 24ft. 2in. For the South London Harriers, J. W. Vinton, the 100yds. champion of England, won the 100yds. by a foot from the Scottish champion, J. P. Stark, in 10.15sec. E. W. Gould won the high-jump at 4ft. 11in., and A. Smith won the mile in 4min. 30.55sec., and the three miles in 14min. 58sec.

The South London Harriers won the cup with 33 points. West of Scotland came next with 24 points, and Edinburgh third with 15 points.

POSTAL CHAMPIONS AT PUTNEY.

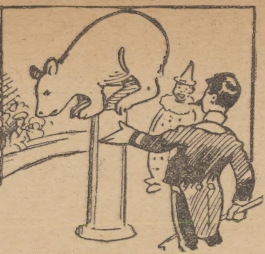
Several postal service champions were included in the Charity sports, which the St. Martin's (G.P.O.) Harriers held at Putney Velodrome on Saturday. They resulted as follows:—One mile, J. McGough, Glasgow (the Scottish champion), 1. Time, 4min. 36.25sec. High jump: F. A. Timms, Mount Pleasant, 2ft. 4in. Long jump: J. J. Goring, London, 20ft. 6in. Five miles cycling: G. J. Martin, Hammersmith, 1. Time, 14min. 55sec.

McGough also took part in the inter-office relay race. He was the last man sent off for his side (the Glasgow office), and finished first, 30 yards ahead of the next man, E. E. Daly (E.C.D. office), Glasgow, thus winning with the utmost ease.

H.A.C. ANNUAL MEETING.

The fifteen annual sports of the Honourable and Trust Company were held on the Amateur Race Ground, Finsbury.

A 100 yards handicap was won by D. Hill, Jun., "A" Battery, 3 yards start, in 10.25sec., and a half-mile handicap by L. Hill, Nov. 3 Company, 10 yards start, in 2min. 55sec. It was chiefly due to the fine running of H. B. Watson (L.A.C.) that "B" Battery were successful in the inter-race race.

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